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LYDIA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Her mouth was red, and you would say
Bespoke a spirit glad,
But for the undulating play
Of serious thought it had.

The pathos of her soft blue eyes
Was made of shade and sun—
Half expectation, half surprise,
Terror and trust in one.

Her voice was sweeter than a sigh,
And sadder than a song,
And quiet as the shadow by
Her side, she went along.

The sunshine of her gayer mood
On all things freely shone,
But in her tender solitude
Of soul, I dwelt alone.

She might not lift her head in pride,
An ostentatious tree—
An herb whose flowers spread far and wide
Under the grass, was she.

Healing was in her hands, and while
We loved, I knew no night—
Strange, that with just one little smile
The world can be so bright.

All things are changed—I feel aggrieved
And wronged, I know not how—
Is it a dream she ever lived,
Or am I dreaming now?

SILVERTHORNE,

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BUSINESS IS DONE.

"Mr. Arnton, I suppose?"

The attorney replied that such was his name, and handed his visitor a chair.

"My name is Wilkinson, sir. I am from Manchester, and have some thoughts of moving to this place with my family—a wife and four children. I have been informed that you have the renting of quite a number of houses and tenements. I have not yet secured work to entirely satisfy me; but I hope to do so; and in the meantime I thought I might have my eye on some place of abode."

What rent could Mr. Wilkinson pay?

Not much for one who wished a respectable residence, though he hoped he might be able to secure such a one.

Mr. Arnton had tenements which rented all the way from two-pounds-ten up to twenty pounds; and he had houses which he could let for ten pounds, and upwards.

Mr. Wilkinson preferred a single house, if he could find one to suit his taste and purse. Could the attorney direct him to one, the rent of which would not exceed fifteen pounds?

Arnton took a card from his desk and wrote down some directions upon it.

"There," he said, handing the card to his visitor, "are four houses which will be vacated during the present month; and as they are now occupied, you can examine them at your convenience. If none of them suit you, we can look further at another time. You will observe the terms of rent and payment marked against the numbers."

"Thank you, sir. I will let you know the result either this evening, or to-morrow morning."

With this the visitor very politely took his leave. He cast a few searching glances about the court as he passed out; and then he went away to examine the premises to which the attorney's card directed him. He asked a great many questions of the occupants; looked over the houses; examined the surroundings; and then repaired to his inn, where the name of Adolphus Wilkinson had been registered.

Half an hour afterwards Gerald Murdock and his hired man met in a private room.

"Well, my dear Swinet, have you been there?"

"Yes, and I have seen the vault."

"Arnton could not have suspected you?"

"Bah! Why do you ask? I went to hire a house, and have looked at four of them."

"All right. And now, can you get into that vault?"

"Yes. I'll see the inside of it to-night."

"Good."

"We'll meet here at ten o'clock."

"Good again."

The rest of the day Gerald passed in-doors, having no desire to be seen by the attorney; and at the appointed hour Swinet found him in his room. They drank a glass of brandy, smoked a cigar, talked their plans over, and, at just eleven o'clock, started forth.

"Follow me," said the burglar.

"But this is not the way to old Arnton's," suggested Gerald.

"It is my way. Lay low and keep in the dowse, and we'll come out all right."

By a circuitous route, through dark streets and narrow lanes, Bill Swinet led his companion, until at length they stood upon the back side of Mr. Arnton's garden wall.

"Upon my soul," said Gerald, when he had discovered where he was, "you must have been familiar with these avenues. Were you ever here before?"

"Never until to-day."

"But, how gained you such a knowledge of these by-ways?"

"Ah, that is one of the secrets of my profession. Before a lock can be picked it must be reached; and those who would save a secret must guard all the avenues to that secret. But come,—what's the time?"

Gerald took out his repeater, and having held it to his ear, he reported,—"Eleven and three quarters."

"It must be just upon the last quarter then," said Swinet. "However, it is nigh enough to midnight. Stand easy, and I will take a peep at the premises."

Thus speaking he took from beneath his coat a small coil of stout cord, upon one end of which was secured a grappling-hook; and at the first trial he succeeded in throwing it over the wall so that the hook caught upon the coping. Fixed to the cord were loops, about eighteen inches apart, which afforded steps for the feet, so that the contrivance amounted to a very neat little rope-ladder. Swinet climbed to the top of the wall; and having watched for some moments, he turned and spoke to Gerald.

"Everything is quiet, and I guess the old 'un is abed and asleep. Can you come up?"

Gerald said he would try, and the result was that he soon sat upon the coping by the side of his companion. The next movement was to pull up the rope, and lower it upon the inside, by which means they descended into the garden. A few moments spent in listening, and then Swinet whispered:

"I think you had better go with me. If no one sleeps in the office, it is plain to be seen that we shall not be disturbed; and as you must see the document, it will save time if you see it in the vault."

This arrangement pleased Gerald, so they both removed their boots, and then crossed the garden. To ascend to the verandah was easy enough, and Bill Swinet had but little trouble in opening the shutters of the bay-window, and moving the casement. When they had gained the office the shutters were carefully closed, and the burglar then proceeded to light his lantern. It was a small affair, this lantern, but it sent forth a bright glare from its pure lens, giving light equal to a larger burner.

"Now," said Swinet, "do you hold the glim, and I'll take a look at this gentleman."

"It's a formidable looking fellow," remarked Gerald.

And so it seemed—that massive door of iron, bristling with bolt-heads, and sunken within the solid wall; but Bill Swinet approached it with perfect confidence. From a small leathern bag he selected two or three steel probes, bent more or less at the ends, and one of these he inserted at the keyhole. A moment's trial sufficed to show him that he had the wrong instrument, and he tried another. This worked better. He felt the mechanism of the lock as an experienced surgeon would probe a wound; and presently he withdrew the point, and had recourse again to his bag.

"Can't you make it work?" asked Gerald, who had been watching with much anxiety.

"Wait, and you shall see," was Swinet's quiet reply. "I've been prospecting thus far."

He now used two instruments instead of one. With the first he seemed to grapple the main bolt, and press it back, while with the other he lifted the little drop-checks out of the way. Click, click, click, as one after another of these checks were set free, and ere long the bolt was moved back, and the door swung open.

"By my soul," said Gerald, "you didn't make much of a job of that."

"Could you safely amputate a man's leg?" asked the burglar, getting up from his knees.

"Of course not," answered the barrister.

"No," added Swinet. "You wouldn't know where to look for the arteries, even if you knew where to cut; and yet a skillful surgeon will do the job in a very few moments."

"O,—I didn't mean to intimate that you had done no work," said Gerald, quickly. "I appreciate the service. I was only surprised by your skill."

"That skill cost me something, sir."

"I know it must have done so."

"And you see it has opened this vault; so now we'll look for the paper."

"There may be drawers to open," suggested Gerald, as they entered the large safe.

"Never mind," returned the burglar, taking the lantern, and throwing the light around upon the various compartments. "I have keys that will unlock any ordinary affair. And now let us see: Such an instrument as the one you have described would naturally be tucked away in some quiet nook where it would not need to be often disturbed. Here are two drawers which would seem to answer such a purpose exactly. Hold the light, and I'll try them."

They were tried, the operator easily opening them by means of skeleton keys, and were found to contain bonds and deeds which had evidently been placed with the attorney for safe keeping. After this several other drawers were tried, but with no better success.

"Of course," suggested Gerald, "he would not keep such a document in any of these pigeon-holes."

"No,—it isn't likely," said Swinet. He looked around a moment, and then added,—"Let me take the light. I don't believe we've seen the whole of this strong box yet. I've been in just such places before."

A careful search, with experienced eyes, and the burglar had it:

"Ah, here it is. The old fellow economizes room, you see. Now hold the light again, and we'll take a new tack."

One of the banks of pigeon-holes, in the back part of the vault, was found to be encased in a moveable frame, which, when freed from its fastening, swung open like a door, revealing a neat arrangement of small drawers. At these drawers the burglar went with his skeleton keys, and directly he came to one that contained wills, upon which event he allowed an exclamation of satisfaction to fall from his lips.

"Have you found it?" asked Gerald, highly excited.

"Wait a moment.—Ah—this looks like it,—'WILL.—EDWARD STANTON, BARONET.'"

"That's it! that's it!" cried the barrister. "Let's have it open as quickly as possible."

"Don't be too fast, my dear sir. Before we proceed farther we'll see that we are safe; for this document is not to be opened in a moment. You say you want to leave it exactly as it was found."

"Certainly."

"Then the seal must be handled carefully. We'll take a peep around the office, and then proceed."

After listening awhile, and being satisfied that they were not to be immediately disturbed, Swinet opened the lantern and proceeded to heat a small plate of brass which he took from his bag. When it was hot enough he held it near the seal of the will until the wax was partially softened, and then, with a very thin, keen knife, he split the top of the seal clean off; and having laid the part bearing the impress of the attorney's signet carefully away, he very soon succeeded in opening the document.

"We will save time, and read it together," said the burglar.

"Let me read it alone," returned Gerald, with much firmness. "If, after I have done so, you are not satisfied with my decision, you can look for yourself. The contents can have no interest for you, above mere curiosity; and, to satisfy that, I am not willing to make this thing public. I hope you understand me."

"Perfectly," said Swinet. And he gave the instrument up without further remark or hesitation.

Gerald opened it, and then took the lantern. The parchment was broad, and bore the seal of Cheswold, and the signature of the baronet; and Adam Willet, Luke Bissell, and Walter Arnton were witnesses. He read the carefully written page, noting each word and point. He read it once; and then read it again; and then he folded it up, just as it had been folded before, and handed it to his companion.

"Can you replace the seal?" His voice was low and tremulous.

"Of course I can. But first——"

"It is all right," quickly interrupted the barrister. "You shall have the thousand pounds. And now seal up the instrument, and let us be gone as soon as possible."

"Ah,—it pleases you then?" remarked Swinet, as he took the will, and proceeded to heat his plate of brass.

"No," replied Gerald; "it does not please me; but the knowledge may benefit me."

The burglar proceeded in his work without further remark, and ere long the seal had been so nicely replaced that Gerald could not detect a flaw in the connection, nor a mark of injury to the signet.

"It is a remarkable piece of work," the latter said.

"Another of the fine points of our profession," added Swinet. "You see it requires education and tact for this business. Any rogue can steal; but it requires a man of intellect to perform a successful operation at burglary."

Gerald admitted the proposition, and then held the lantern while his companion put back the will where he had found it, and restored the internal arrangement of the vault. To lock the door, was a simple matter; as was the egress from the office, and the closing and securing of the shutters behind them. Back through the garden, and over the wall they crept; and when they had put on their boots, and Swinet had coiled up his rope-ladder, they returned to the inn by different routes, and met in the room where they had met before. The bottle was not yet empty, so they refreshed themselves with a glass of brandy, and then sat down.

"Mr. Swinet," said the barrister, speaking like one whose mind dwelt only upon business, "I may never see you again, as I intend to take an early start for Cheswold. I told you that the contents of the will did not please me. They did not. Still, the knowledge I have gained may be of great benefit to me; though I have a work to do, and obstacles to overcome. I suppose you will start on your return to-morrow."

"Yes."

"And the events of this night are secret with you?"

"You know they are."

"I am satisfied. I asked the question because it was on my mind. And now for our settlement. Here is your fee. I suppose you have kept an account of your expenses."

Gerald took from his pocket-book ten notes of one hundred pounds each, which he handed to his companion. Swinet, having glanced his eye over the valuable bits of paper, transferred them to his own pocket, and then drew forth a small memorandum, where he had his expenses all figured up. Gerald was perfectly satisfied with the amount, and paid it without a question.

Another glass of brandy, and Gerald took the burglar's hand.

"It is possible," he said, in a hesitating mood, "that we may meet in some public place in the time to come——"

"I understand you," interrupted Swinet, a quiet smile lurking around the corners of his finely cut mouth. "I know just what you would say; but you need have no fears. From this time forth Gerald Murdock, barrister, of the Middle Temple, is as one dead to me. If he would speak with me, or be recognized by me, at any time in the future, he must seek me for that purpose."

Gerald was gratified by this.

Another glass, and they parted.

Before the sun was fairly up Gerald Murdock was in his saddle, and on his way to Cheswold.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Arnton's house-hunter appeared again in his office.

"Good day, Mr. Wilkinson."

And the *soi-disant* Mr. Wilkinson said good-day in return.

"Did either of the houses suit you, sir?"

"One of them suited me very well; but I fear I have troubled you to no purpose. I have received a letter from Manchester, which induces me to think that I shall remain there awhile longer. I trust that I have not incommoded you."

"Not at all, sir—not at all."

The door of the great vault was open; and so were the shutters of the bay-window; and things in the attorney's office appeared as usual. No tracks were left to indicate that the sanctum had been visited unlawfully.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT GERALD SAW UNDER THE SEAL.

Gerald reached Cheswold in the afternoon, and found that his father had gone out in the barge with Jack Spencer. He eat his dinner, and having dressed himself, and called for a fresh horse, he rode over to Farworth, where he found the Lady Lorinda ready and willing to welcome him. He spent two hours in her company; and never before had he appeared to so good advantage. He spoke only upon subjects which he knew would please her, and was very modest and quiet at that. When she asked him how he had succeeded in his business, he was moderate and frank in his answer. He had done very well, he told her.

"I had the good fortune," he said, "to be associated with a superior man, and together we accomplished our purpose, and gained our case. In fact, Lorinda, I have reason to congratulate myself upon my success, not so much because I helped bring it about, but because I have been enabled to see a new sphere of action open before me. As you are like a sister to me; and as I have no one else whom I can cheerfully make my confidant, I wish to speak freely and plainly to you—just as you would have an own brother speak. I shall not offend you?"

He spoke so tenderly, and so earnestly, and there was, it appeared to her, so much of hope and prayer in his look, that the maiden gave him her hand and bade him say all he wished.

"I cannot speak with my father as I wish to speak," Gerald resumed, "for he seems almost stern to me when I approach him with my soul's deepest feelings. I know he loves me, and desires to see me prosper; but he looks higher than I do, and would have me leap at once into grand accomplishments of life. Perhaps there is no need that I should tell my feelings to any body; but still we all love to find some friend to whom we can impart our soul's secrets; not because we want assistance or advice, but because the sympathy of a brother or sister is a strength and help to us. Is it not so?"

"Indeed it is," replied Lorinda, feelingly

"I was going to speak to you of my future prospects," said the young barrister. "Of course I tell you nothing new when I say, that I have, in times past, hoped that I might be Sir Edward's heir; and I am free to confess that the time has been when an announcement to the contrary would have crushed and maddened me. But it is not so now. By dint of much self-labor, I have come to fix my highest hopes of life upon my own endeavors. From the peculiar turn which affairs have taken, I am led to believe that the will of my uncle is not to be much in my favor; and, should such prove to be the case, I shall not be greatly disappointed. In short, I have resolved to work out my own fortune. My prospects are good; business will open well for me when autumn comes; and I mean to win my way up to rank and fame. And thus, in the end, I shall be prepared to receive the testamentary decision of Sir Edward with calm resignation. If it gives me nothing I shall not suffer; and if it gives me much, I shall be enabled to do more good in life, being thus blessed with more means."

Lorinda could not think that Sir Edward had made a will which was to cut his nephew off from the heirship. She hoped it would not prove so.

"Never mind," said Gerald, with a brotherly smile; "we will let that matter pass. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And, meantime, we will improve the opportunities which God presents before us."

"With such a spirit, and such a determination, you must surely succeed," said Lorinda, cheeringly.

"If I do not succeed it shall not be my fault. I shall spend the remainder of the Summer at Cheswold, devoting a part of the time to study and when the cool of Autumn comes I shall plunge into business. During the time I have for leisure, I trust I may be able to enjoy myself by assisting in the enjoyment of others."

As Gerald thus spoke, he looked at his watch, and said it was time that he was on his return, and as he arose and took his hat, the fair mistress of Farworth expressed the hope that he would visit her when he could make it convenient. And she spoke frankly and warmly, for her old play-fellow had excited her deepest sympathies. She remembered the time when she and Gerald had been children together—she a weak little girl, and he a stout, willing boy,—and she almost felt that joy would come from living those days over again. She saw not the furtive glances which ever and anon sprang from his eye—glances which were too much at variance with his words,—but she thought he spoke truly, and when he was gone she murmured a devout prayer for his peace and welfare.

When Gerald reached Cheswold, he found his father there; and before the servants their conversation was as though he had been away on business connected with his profession. As soon as possible after supper, however, they repaired to the library, when Owen Murdock was anxious to know what had transpired.

"Have you succeeded?" was the question asked with tremulous eagerness.

"I have succeeded," replied Gerald, emphatically. And thereupon he related how he had followed out the work.

"And you saw the will of Sir Edward?"

"Yes; and read it, too"

"And left no traces of your intrusion?"

"Not so much as a mark upon the seal."

"Well,—and the will,—what was it?" asked Owen, drawing his chair nearer to his son.

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thus it is written in that instrument: There is one condition under which, at the expiration of the allotted time, I may be heir of this broad domain."

"Ah! What is it?"

"*If I am the husband of Lorinda Verbrook.*"

"How!" cried Owen. "Are you serious?"

"So it is," replied Gerald, seriously.

"But I do not comprehend. What does it mean? Why should he have based your success upon such an event?"

"It is to me very simple," resumed Gerald, "and I think it will be to you when you hear the rest. The fact is, I am not the party whose interest is first considered in that will. Lorinda Verbrook is the favorite; and her children are looked to as the final heirs; and only on condi-



AN ADROIT PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP

tion that I am to be the father of these children can I inherit the property. Now you shall see: First—If, when the will is opened, I shall have become Lorinda's husband, the property is mine. If such is not the case, and Lorinda marries another, a bare stipend is apportioned to me—three hundred pounds annually—and the bulk of the property is held in trust for her oldest child. If she dies without issue, then Cheswold goes to some distant relatives in Yorkshire. Of course provision is made for the servants; but your name is not mentioned. What do you think of it?"

Owen Murdock started up from his chair, and walked hurriedly across the room.

"By the fiends, but this is most villainous!" he exclaimed, as he sank again into his seat.

"So I thought at first," returned Gerald.

"And have you changed your mind, my son?"

"Not exactly my mind, governor, but I have changed the direction of my thoughts. Instead of dwelling upon the spirit which dictated that will, I have turned my attention to what the result may be. It seems to me that we have some power yet left in our hands."

Owen reflected awhile, and gradually his countenance brightened.

"Upon my soul, Gerald, you speak truly. We have the advantage. You must marry with Lorinda Verbrook."

"Exactly," returned the son, drumming upon the table with his fingers. "That is what I must do."

"The lady, I fear, is inclined to be stubborn." said Owen, with a shake of the head.

"Still, we won't think of failure, governor."

"I was not thinking of that, Gerald. I was only thinking that we should have to work carefully. It may be possible that she can be won to the purpose, but if that fails, we must resort to sterner measures."

"Leave her with me awhile," returned Gerald, with a suggestive nod. "I have seen her to-day, and I hope I shall be able to make a favorable impression upon her. At all events, I shall try hard for it. I think I have discovered the avenue to her sympathies, and if I can work upon them properly, I may, in time, reach her heart."

"Then suppose the matter rests where it is, until you have tried your experiment, and in the meantime I shall be laying my plans for meeting the event of your failure."

"How so? What plans have you in view?"

"You may remember, perhaps," Owen replied, slowly nodding his head, as though his thoughts were working as he spoke, "that, in times past, I have done some business at our court of chancery. The Earl is a friend of mine, and I think I could still wield some influence at the court. At any rate, I shall turn my thoughts in that direction, and be prepared to work with the chancellor, if necessary"

Gerald seemed to comprehend his father's meaning, for he nodded approvingly, and asked no more questions, and soon afterwards the twain retired to rest.

During the forenoon of the following day Gerald walked down by the river, and stopped at the boat-builder's shop, which he found locked. He then went to the cot, and found that closed also. When he returned to the house, he asked his father where Old Silverthorne kept himself.

"Upon my life, Gerald, that is more than I can tell you. The old fellow goes and comes most unaccountably. I don't think he has been here more than half the time since you have been gone. He is a puzzle to me, and yet I think I have the advantage of him. His disguise cannot save him."

"Disguise?" repeated the young man, eagerly. "Have you discovered the secret?—have you solved the mystery that hangs around him?"

"Thus far have I solved it, my son, and I have the evidence of some of the old servants to bear me out: The old felon did not honestly serve out his term of transportation. He has been hanging around Cheswold at various times within the last dozen years. There can be no mistake about it. The moment I looked upon him, and heard him speak, I knew I had seen him before. At first I was puzzled, but a chance remark from the old butler opened my understanding. He must have contrived, in some way, to escape from the penal colony, and make his way back to England, and furthermore, I believe that, while we supposed him hard at work under sentence, he was here in Lancaster, engaged in his old tricks with the smugglers."

"Then," said Gerald, "if the old rascal should, by any chance, get in our way, we could easily overhaul him."

"Aye," returned Owen, "and, more than that, I believe he is at work with the smugglers now. It must be so, for I can conceive of nothing else which should call him away so much."

"It is a wonder to me," remarked Gerald, "how Sir Edward came to treat him so kindly."

"That is all natural enough, my son. When Sir Edward was a boy Silverthorne occupied this same shop, and was a stout, lusty man, and he used to devote half his time to sailing the lad over the sea, and helping him fish up and down the stream. I know that when the boat-builder was transported, the baronet, who was then just one-and-twenty, fairly wept with sorrow. Is it a wonder, then, that when the old man returned, bent and frosted with age, Sir Edward should turn kindly and lovingly towards him? For we must remember the baronet's foolish habit of mind, and his peculiar weaknesses."

"I understand it now," said Gerald.

"And," pursued Owen, "I have no doubt that Sir Edward knew all Silverthorne's secrets. He must have known them, and he must have consented to shield him from the danger of recognition and apprehension."

"By the life of me," muttered the young barrister, shaking his head, "there is something very strange about the whole affair. Sir Edward Stanton was not in his right mind. He could not have been."

Such was Owen's opinion, also, though he was somewhat reserved in his expression of it.

It was at the commencement of the week when the foregoing conversation took place, and on the following Saturday Gerald went down to the little shop again, as he had a great curiosity to see old Silverthorne, and converse with him. But the shop and the cot were both closed, and the old man had been gone a week.

Another seven days passed, and Gerald went down again, but with no better success than before. And yet another, and another week—four weeks in all—and Silverthorne had not returned, and no one knew whither he had gone? Was the old man dead?

No. Two more weeks passed away, and he came—came on foot, toiling through the vale, and up the hill, dust-covered and weary, his silver locks gleaming in the sunbeams, and his snowy beard trickling with drops of sweat. He kept on to his cot, where, an hour afterwards, Owen Murdock and Gerald found him. He greeted them politely, but not cordially. He tried to speak kindly to them, but the tones took to themselves a bitter tinge ere they left his lips.

"You have been gone a long time," said Owen, after he had taken a seat.

"Yes," replied Silverthorne, leaning forward upon his staff, which he had not laid aside when he sat down. "I have been gone somewhat longer than I expected."

"You have had business, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it far away?"

The old man hesitated. A cloud swept across his brow—a shudder through his frame—and, while the nether lip quivered and contracted, and the keen, dark eye burned with changing light, he answered—

"You will excuse me if I ask you not to question me in that direction. You have asked nothing yet which I should hesitate to answer, but if you keep on, I should be forced to stop you, so it may as well be done now as then."

Owen Murdock was not pleased with this, but the hot words upon his lips were not spoken.

"You have a right to your own secrets, sir," he finally said. He spoke very calmly—too calmly. "When I asked you the simple question, I did not suppose that you had secrets which you dared not divulge."

Silverthorne lifted his head, and looked upon the man who had thus addressed him—looked upon him with a look so strange, so deep, so intense, and so full of import, that its object fairly cowered beneath its influence.

"Owen Murdock, have you no secret which you dare not divulge?"

The words were spoken slowly, and with heavy emphasis.

"I—I—a secret?" returned Owen, hesitating and stammering.

"Aye—a secret."

"Out upon thee! No—I have none."

"Ere you wonder at my having a secret, think for yourself again, pursued the old man, in the same mighty tone. "If you find none in the region of the immediate past, look back further. Look back towards the time that saw Silverthorne condemned and disgraced. You were younger then, but your memory of events cannot have failed you. Is there no secret there? Ah, Owen Murdock, smuggling was not the only crime done upon the English coast in those years!"

Like one startled by an earthquake arose Owen Murdock from his chair. He took a step towards the white-haired old man, and then stopped. In a little while the blood came back to his face, and he tried to laugh.

"Poor fool!" he said, "go find thy senses. Thou canst neither answer a question, nor treat a visitor respectfully. Pray gather thy wits 'gainst I see thee again.——Come, Gerald."

Avoiding the old man's glance as he turned, Owen Murdock left the cot, and had walked some distance before his son overtook him.

"Father, what is all this?"

"All what?"

"All this mystery of that old man's speech? What did he mean?"

"I don't know. He is crazy."

"But he must have meant something—he must have directed his shaft with some knowledge and intent, or it could not have hit home so quickly."

"Hit home?" repeated Owen, looking into his son's face.

"Aye, hit home, or you would not have been so startled. What was it?"

For some distance the parent walked on by the side of his child without speaking; but finally he said, in a tone calmer than he had before been able to command:

"Gerald, ask me no more. I do not think that the old felon had any particular meaning. If he did, he may have alluded to something which I could not successfully confront, and yet which bears not justly upon me. But I shall see him again."

Gerald said no more upon the subject; but still, it was very evident that it weighed upon his mind. A new and startling turn was given to the wonder with which he had been inspired by Silverthorne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERALD PROPOSES.

The summer passed away, and a rich store of golden grain had been gathered into the garners of Cheswold and Farworth. Thus far affairs had gone on at the manor house and upon the estate without any trouble. The servants were all in their old places, Owen having as yet offended none of them. In fact, both he and Gerald had been very kind and considerate, though some of the wise ones did not believe it would last.

"I don't know," said the stout forester, with a shake of the head, "but I may be mistaken; still I don't believe it. I tell ye, Owen Murdock isn't acting himself; nor is Master Gerald, either. There's something in the wind. They've got some end to answer. I know what their natures are; and I know they aint acting honest. You can't make me believe that Gerald Murdock is such a nice young man as he tries to show himself. I tell ye, he's layin' low for something."

"Well," responded the old butler, with a look and nod of exceeding wisdom, "I don't think it's very difficult to tell what that something is that he's layin' low for. I think it's plain enough. And I think his father's helpin' him, too. Farworth is worth more'n half as much as Cheswold."

"Eh, John—you've hit it."

"Of course I've hit it. Don't ye s'pose I can see? Can't I see that the young scamp is after Lorinda Verbrook!"

"I can, if you can't."

"But I tell ye, Enoch Barrow, I CAN see it."

"Well," returned the forester; "since we both see it so plainly, what do we think about it?"

"I can tell ye what I think about it in a precious few words," replied the butler, clenching his fists as he gesticulated. "I'd rather see the sweet lady married to a smuggler, than see her the wife of Gerald Murdock!"

"Give us your hand on that, John," exclaimed Enoch. "You speak my mind exactly."

So it seems that the servants were not blind to what was passing.

And in the meantime how fared it with the suitor? We shall see.

For over two months Gerald had followed up his purpose without deviation or hindrance. In all his interviews with Lorinda he had preserved the same careful demeanor; never once allowing his rough, crude nature to betray itself: but being particular to appeal to her warmest, happiest emotions, and to present only such topics as he was sure would interest her. In this way he had labored, without hinting at the subject which lay nearest his thoughts, hoping that he might gradually prepare the way, so that the final object would be attained in due time. And that due time, he fancied, was now at hand. Autumn had come, and it was generally supposed that he was soon to return to the practice of his profession.

Lorinda Verbrook was at Farworth. She had visited Cheswold a few times but not to make any long stop. Somehow the old manor house did not seem so cheerful to her as of yore, and she found little to comfort or please her there.

"How is it, my son?" asked Owen, while the groom was gone for the young man's horse. "You are bound for Farworth, I presume."

"Yes."

"And you will ask the final question today?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you have partially made up your mind as to the result?"

"Certainly. I do not expect an answer direct; and yet I flatter myself that I shall not be rejected. However, my fortune is to be tried."

"Very well," returned the parent. "I hope you will succeed; but, if you do not, we must try again."

As Gerald leaped into his saddle, he remarked that his hopes were bright; and with this he rode away. He found Lorinda at home; and having taken dinner with her, he proposed that they should walk out into the garden. She went with him; and for a while the conversation turned only upon topics suggested by the scenery about them. Finally they reached a seat, where a large oak threw its shade over a small lakelet, and here they sat down. A few moments of silence, and then Gerald spoke:

"Lorinda,"—his voice was very low and tender—"I must soon return to my business, and lose, for the time, these blessed opportunities of sweet converse with you. I cannot refrain from telling you how much I have enjoyed them. They have been seasons of pure happiness, and will long be remembered and cherished as the brightest treasures of my memory."

Lorinda did not reply to this. She looked down upon the ground and trembled. Perhaps she felt what was to come.

"May I not hope," he proceeded, "that these seasons of social communion have been enjoyed by you? Will you not remember them with some degree of pleasure?"

"Certainly I shall," she replied, looking up. "The memory of a friendship must be always pleasing."

Another pause, and then Gerald approached nearer.

"I have thought, dear Lorinda, that, perhaps, I might take away with me something more substantial than the mere memory of the past—that I might bear with me from Farworth something of hope and promise for the future. Surely, you cannot have been wholly blind to the influence which your companionship has had upon me. It has opened to me new hopes and new aspirations. It has led me, in fact, to dwell in a new world; it has lifted me into a higher and more exalted sphere of life. I must speak now, if I would ever speak; and, O, let me hope that you will be kind. I cannot go away until I know how true or false my dreams have been. You know what I mean. I would not have this companionship cease. I would have it last through life, to cheer and help me on my toilsome way, and shed its blessed halo about my declining years. Say, dear one—can it not be?"

Lorinda trembled more violently than before, and her voice quivered as she replied:

"I have not thought of this—indeed I have not. I think I understand you."

"I would not have you misunderstand me. I mean that I cannot give up the hopes I have allowed my soul to cherish. In a simple sentence I would ask you to be mine for life—to be my companion—my wife. I do not seek to be hasty; only I would fasten upon the joy which your consent would give to me. Say, dear Lorinda, can you not answer me?"

Gradually the maiden gained control over herself; and when she spoke, her voice was calm, though low and constrained.

"I cannot answer you now, Gerald. I must not; for I have not considered."

"But you have some inclination," urged the suitor, zealously. "Your heart feels its own impulses. Is it not so?"

"I will not deny it."

"Then you can speak a word. You can give me some gleam by which I may guide my own mind. You can tell me if I may hope."

"Nay, Gerald," the maiden replied, speaking more firmly than before. "I cannot do that. In a matter so important I dare not speak from mere impulse. I dare not bid you hope. It would be wrong for me to do so. Do not urge me now, for it will make me unhappy. Let me have time to think, and I will then give you such answer as I am willing to abide by."

"When—when shall it be? O, let it not be long, I beseech you. When shall I come to receive the decision?"

"I will write to you." Lorinda hesitated a moment, and then she added: "Let it rest at that for the present. The whole subject is fairly before me, and I shall reflect upon it seriously. Perhaps to-morrow, or the day after, I will write you my answer. You will not ask me more now."

Gerald had a great desire to press the matter; but he finally concluded to respect his companion's decision, and await the answer as she had proposed to render it. After this they returned to the hall, talking, as they went, upon subjects upon which both their minds were fixed. Of course such conversation could not be very interesting; so Gerald did not remain long after they reached the house. He took his leave with a smile, remarking, after his horse had been brought to the door, that he hoped a bright ray of sunshine would come to him in the letter he was to receive from Farworth. He did not seem to expect any reply, for he turned as he spoke, and was quickly in the saddle.

As soon as her visitor had gone, Lorinda sent for the groom, and bade him ride over to Cheswold and see old Silverthorne.

"Tell him," she said, "that I should like to see him this evening. He can come, and remain all night. If he cannot come to Farworth, I will go to his cot. You had better not ride through the vale, but go over the hill, and follow down the river. Return with an answer before dark, if you can."

The groom promised to be punctual.

"My dear lady," said Ellen Chapman, as the two sat together in one of the great oriels, "you are very thoughtful and sedate this afternoon. Has anything unusual happened?"

"Nothing wonderful," replied Lorinda, looking up into her attendant's face. "I have been thinking."

A silence of some seconds followed, and then the lady spoke again.

"I have been thinking upon a very curious subject; and I have a mind to ask your opinion; but, mind you, I ask it from a mere whim. Still, I would have you speak candidly and advisedly. What is your opinion of Gerald Murdock?"

Ellen gazed hard and searchingly into the face of her mistress, and hesitated in her reply.

"What do you think of him?"

"Why do you ask me that question, my lady?"

"Because I have a fancy to know your opinion."

"Ah, you mean more than that," cried Ellen. I can see. I know."

"My dear girl, will you set aside your surmises, and answer my question. What do you think of Gerald Murdock?"

"I don't think anything about him, my lady. I don't want to think anything about him. He must be a very good sort of a man, or you wouldn't countenance his visits."

"But you must remember, Ellen, that he was my school-fellow and playmate; and that his present position at Cheswold makes it almost obligatory upon me to treat him with becoming friendship. I cannot entirely set aside the social laws. But—suppose he should ask me to marry him?"

"Don't talk so, my lady. You cannot ask such a question with any degree of seriousness."

"Why, certainly Gerald may ask such a thing."

"Aye—but you wouldn't have to ask my opinion."

"Why not?"

"Why not! Goodness mercy! you aren't in earnest, my lady. Ask me if you should listen to such a proposition from Gerald Murdock! Why, I should think your senses were going out of your head! Marry with Gerald Murdock! Of course you couldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, Ellen?"

"Why not! Why—because you couldn't. You marry with HIM! What an idea!"

"You are getting excited, my dear. Speak plainly, and tell me *why* I should not marry with him."

The maid came very near going off into another explosion; but she restrained herself; and, after a labored thought, she said:

"When you asked me what I thought of Gerald Murdock, if I had told you just what I thought, I should have said that I didn't think he was to be trusted. He isn't an honest man. His eye is treacherous, and his lip is gross and sensual. He's a wolf, and a sheep's clothing can't half cover him. He's a—a——"

"A what?"

"He's a bad man, that's what he is. If I've hurt your feelings, I'm sorry. I wouldn't have said this if you hadn't pressed me."

"But have you not spoken hastily, Ellen? Upon a sober second thought might you not abate a little of your objection?"

"Not one whit, my lady. If I am prejudiced, I can't help it; but I have said only what I feel."

"Very well. You have not offended me in the least. I wanted your opinion, and I have got it."

"But, dear lady, you don't think of such a thing?"

"Of course I have thought of it, or I shouldn't have spoken of it; but in what direction my thoughts have run you shall know at some future time. We will say no more about it now."

Surely, Lorinda Verbrook had gained one opinion.

Before dark the messenger returned, and reported that Silverthorne would come.

The old man arrived at about nine o'clock, and Lorinda met him upon the piazza, and conducted him into the house, when she caused refreshments to be brought for him. A simple glass of wine was all he desired, and after he had taken this, he asked his fair hostess why she had sent for him.

"I have a most important matter in hand upon which I wish to consult you," she replied. "I would have come to you; but I had a reason for not wishing to be seen at Cheswold just at this time."

"Do not make yourself uneasy upon that score, my child. I was glad to come. So now to your business."

"You may think me very foolish, sir, when I tell you why I have thus sent for you; but I could not resist the desire. My guardian, before he left me for the last time, bade me trust you; and I not only have his direction to govern me, but my own instincts lead me in the same way. So, my good Silverthorne, I approach you with perfect confidence in your faith, and confidence in your judgment."

"And," responded the old man, solemnly, "your confidence is not misplaced. I will serve you to the best of my power. Speak to me as you would speak to a father."

"You have seen something of Gerald Murdock?" said Lorinda.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you know something of his habits and character?"

"I do, my child."

The maiden spoke earnestly and anxiously; and the old man answered her with a quietness that had much depth of meaning.

"Then," Lorinda pursued, after a moment's thought, "I will come directly to the point. Gerald Murdock has asked me to be his wife."

"What was your answer?"

"I gave him none. I told him I would write one for him. I wished time for reflection, and time to consult with you."

"What are your feelings in the matter? How speaks your heart?"

"Against him—all against him. But I would not be governed by prejudice. I wished to be fortified by the opinion of some one more experienced."

Silverthorne reached forward and took the maiden's hand; and when he spoke, his voice was deep and low, as though it came from his very soul.

"My child, your own instincts are right. Obey them, and you will not go astray. Disobey them, and much misery will be yours. Before God and my own conscience, Gerald Murdock is not worthy to be your husband! Were you my child, I would rather see you upon your death-bed, than lead you to his nuptial couch; and I would rather gather the sods of the valley over your early grave than resign you to his care and keeping. I speak thus, knowing that my Father in Heaven hears my words! Can I say more?"

Lorinda had heard enough; and so gratefully had fallen the decision of the old man upon her soul, that she leaned her head upon his bosom, and blessed him for the words he had spoken. She cared not to ask him for his reasons, for she would not appeal from his judgment.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A BIT OF BORDER LIFE.

BY AN OLD COMRADE OF DANIEL BOONE.

In the year 1807, I was living in a log-cabin settlement in Missouri. There were but a few of us, but we were strong-armed and stout-hearted—as we had need to be; for the prowling savages hemmed us in on every side. One day, in the Spring, I had to go to a neighboring settlement, where Boone was, for some corn for seed, and did not get back till the next morning. I found no wife—no child—no neighbors on my return; only smoldering logs and mutilated corpses. The savages had made clean work of it, the night before. I was horror-stricken; but a gleam of comfort came to my heart when I missed the bodies of my wife and child. They had evidently been carried off as prisoners; and being alive, they might be rescued. I hastened to the nearest settlement. It was John O'Neil's settlement. On arriving there, I found John in the same state as myself, excepting that his family had been slain along with his neighbors—he himself having escaped by being absent as I was. He of course did not hesitate a moment to join me in the attempt to rescue my wife and child.

We had ascertained that the attack upon my settlement had been made in the night by a party of less than a dozen Sioux Indians, whose village was near the mouth of the Des Moines River, scarcely two days journey by land up the Mississippi. They had descended in canoes, and I knew that although I had lost nearly two days, we might reach the Des Moines by land before they could arrive by the tortuous river, and against the powerful current.

Providing ourselves with two rifles each, and a supply of ammunition, we started forth; and, being well mounted, rode rapidly in a north-easterly direction, to strike the Mississippi at about the point where we expected to intercept the canoes. Here leaving our horses, we examined every part of the river bank for miles, hoping to find the camping-place of the Indians if they had yet passed; for we knew they would spend the night on shore. We discovered nothing to indicate that they had passed, though it was more than possible that they might have made their encampments on the farther side, or upon some of the many islands in the river. At length, on reaching the mouth of a small stream, we discovered moccasin tracks in the mud, and the marks where two canoes had been dragged ashore; and, but a little distance from these signs, were the still smoldering embers of a camp-fire.

This was a joyful discovery. But how much greater was my delight when I found scattered near the spot several familiar objects, which seemed purposely to have been left there as if to direct and encourage our pursuit. There were a child's shoe, a little apron, and a portion of a woman's dress, which I instantly recognized as having belonged to my little boy and wife. Besides, there were other articles of female apparel which I did not recognize, and I was convinced that the savages, who were accompanied by a number of captives, could not be many hours ahead of us.

Thanking Heaven for these encouraging tokens, and praying that our hands might be strengthened for the coming struggle in which we hoped soon to be engaged, we pushed rapidly on, every now and then, where a long range of the river presented an opportunity, looking cautiously from the thickets for a sight of canoes.

In this manner we travelled nearly all day, when towards evening, on coming to a sudden bend of the bank, we discovered almost beneath us the anxiously looked-for objects.

There were two large dug-outs, each containing four painted savages, and as many female captives. In the foremost I perceived the dear objects of my agonizing solicitude. My wife was seated upon the bottom of the canoe, and holding our darling boy to her bosom.

Thanks to the All-Merciful Father, they were yet unharmed, for I could see that the child slept sweetly, with its rosy lips pressed confidingly against its mother's breast. For an instant I had no eyes for anything else. I saw not her companions. I scarcely saw their merciless captors. The Indians were exerting themselves to their utmost strength to stem the current that swept swiftly round the bend—or I am certain they must have caught sight of me, as in the excitement of my sudden joy I exposed myself upon the edge of the bank. My wife saw me. But with the tact and presence of mind which brave women like her always display in trying moments, she placed a finger upon her mouth, and slightly motioning me to leave the spot, lifted her eyes upward, as if to thank Heaven that sure succor was at hand.

As rapidly returning the recognition, I dropped back to the cover of the thicket, and falling upon my knees, I poured forth my heart in gratitude to that kind Being, who had been watching over those beloved ones, and prayed for His assistance in rescuing them from the fate those murderous fiends were reserving them for.

To attack the savages now was out of the question, and after a hurried consultation with O'Neil, we determined to keep cautiously along the bank of the river till evening where we knew they would land for the night. The mouth of the Des Moines, we knew, could not be reached by them till the following day, for not expecting pursuit, they travelled leisurely.

Fortunately, nay, providentially, as night fell the savages directed their canoes up the mouth of a little creek on the west side of the river, and prepared their camp. The prisoners were landed, and tied to saplings in a circle, around which, after partaking of their scanty supper, the Indians disposed themselves. The spot they had selected showed that they thought not of pursuit. It was a kind of a sink hole, where they were completely protected from the wind, and being without blankets, as well as their captives, this was the more necessary, as the nights at this season were yet chilly.

Noiselessly, and scarcely daring to breathe, O'Neil and I crept to a position where we could look directly down upon the party without ourselves being seen, even had watchful sentinels been pacing about the Indian encampment. The savages had toiled hard all day against the powerful current of the Mississippi, and were all soon buried in sleep. Their loud snoring satisfied us of this.

Up to this time we had formed no final plan of rescuing the prisoners, and I whispered to O'Neil to give me his views.

"You see," said I, "we cannot use our rifles upon those varmints without endangering the lives of our friends, and besides, if every bullet of our four rifles counted, there would still remain two to one to fight."

"Just so, Sam," said he, "'taint no use to rely on our shooting irons, (unless we club them,) at all events, in the commencement of the tussle. Our knives, you know, make no noise, and I reckon if we're cute about it, we can be good for some on' em before the others wake. But do you think they're all good asleep?"

"I've no doubt of it," said I. "Now, John, let us act upon your plan. Let us creep upon the murdering hounds and dispatch as many as possible while they sleep. But take your rifles as near to the spot as you can, and then Heaven help us!"

I led the way into the hollow, keeping a large cottonwood between me and the Indians, till we reached it. Here we leaned our four guns against its roots to be in readiness for use, then grasping our hunting knives in our right hands, and our belt hatchets in our left, we moved slowly, and without stirring a twig or leaf, down upon the circle of dark forms. The early moon had risen, and her light broke in straggling beams upon that strange group. Some of the poor females, overcome by fatigue, hunger and grief, had fallen into a disturbed slumber. But in the dim light I could perceive my brave little wife. Never till that moment did I know her courageous heart. She knew we were near, and in this desperate moment, when every hand was needed for the work, she was not idle. She had stealthily drawn the knife of one of the sleeping warriors, and had cut the thong that bound herself and her companions, and then, firmly grasping the blade over the throat of a huge Indian, seemed to await our approach. Approaching close upon the outer circle, I motioned to O'Neil to select a painted savage, whose loud breathings told that he slept soundly, and as he raised his arm to strike, I drove my knife into the heart of another. At the same instant I saw the arm of my little wife descend upon the breast of a third savage, and then upon the fourth, with the swiftness of lightning. Now O'Neil and I sprang to our feet, and with our hatchets crushed in the skulls of three others, before the eighth savage could gather himself up. As this fellow attempted to rise with a yell, my comrade, who had leaped back to the cotton-wood and snatched a rifle, sent a bullet through his brain, and then turned to make sure work of the dying savages upon the ground. Thus you see heaven was with us and guided our hands, for in far less time than I have taken to describe this bloody scene, we had rid the fair earth of those eight murderous fiends, and were received into the grateful embraces of our rescued friends. That was the happiest and proudest moment of my life.

We appropriated one of the canoes, and before the return of day, were all safely afloat upon the descending current of the great river. That night found us under the sheltering roofs of kind and sympathizing friends.

TO A WIND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

No matter no matter
  From whence thou hast flown,
From the East, West, or South,
  Or a far Northern zone,
With thy broad wing upon us
  Invisibly thrown;
No matter, no matter
  If tempests or calms
Are the guerdon thou giv'st
  From thy mystical palms—
O Wind as thou seekest, unswerving, a goal,
Thou art symbol to man of THE INNERMOST SOUL.

II.

'Tis the SOUL that we see not,
  Yet feel evermore
Breathing over *our* spirit's
  Own answering shore,
And giving a power
  It ne'er knew before.
O BEAUTY! we see not;
  O SPLENDOR from high!
O MYSTERY floating
  So wondrously by!
O BREATH OF THE INNERMOST, roll, ever roll
With thy life-giving touch o'er Humanity's soul!

A MODERN HEROINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"All the beauty, all the heroism, all the poetic inspiration of olden times, has faded out of common life. Civilization, in taming the animal man, has deprived his instincts of all the fierceness that made him a prodigy of valor in battle, and of ardor in love. Once he flashed across the historic page in knightly trappings, and his deeds of love and war were the theme of minstrel and troubadour. But now that steam is his steed and broadcloth his armor, the age of romance and chivalry has forever passed, and his deeds are as common-place as his attire. Alas, the poet or the romancer finds now no fit subjects for his pen, save those which his imagination creates."

The old clergyman looked up from the sermon he was writing, and gazed long at his favorite nephew, mild astonishment beaming from his eyes. But he did not speak. After dinner, however, he asked the young man to accompany him on his pastoral visits. From house to house they went, the pastor everywhere received with fervent welcomes, for he was known and loved by all his people; and thus they came at last to a house, very humble and poor, where a pale woman, soft of speech and gentle of manner, and with the light of peace and faith shining in her face, lay upon the bed, from which she would never rise again, tended only by a maimed and feeble child.

Here they tarried long, and the young man, who had been too much a dreamer and not a doer all his life, and who, living in a world of his own thoughts and fancies, found this peep at real life very wearisome, and had begun to tire of the humdrum visits, at last found his interest awakened.

There was something in the refined manners of the woman, an undefinable charm that told him she had not always occupied a sphere so humble. She had been beautiful, too, and in the wan face of the child, he saw traces of infantile loveliness that suffering had marred, but not effaced. He had an artist's love of beauty, and a poet's attraction for all that was gentle and graceful.

He was charmed and interested, and some allusions, elicited by the old paster's conversation, from the lady's lips, convinced him that she had a story. He longed to hear it, and no sooner had they left the cottage, than he importuned the pastor to relate it.

That evening, when the two sat at tea in the arbor, the old man told the story of the pale woman who was never to rise again and walk forth to look upon the fair earth she loved.

"When I came to Hilton, thirty years ago, Alice Deane was a little child living with her old nurse in the Deane mansion yonder, near the coast, on the very outskirts of my parish. She was a fair, sweet child, all rosy and dimpled with smiles if one looked upon her, and full of quaint shynesses and baby conceits that won the admiration of the two young creatures who sat in the minister's pew," and here the old man heaved a sigh to the memory of the wife and sister he had lost in their youth, and was silent for a moment's space.

"They would have her and her nurse at the parsonage to lunch on Sundays, and always called at the Deane mansion when they drove in that direction. And, after a time, they began to bring the child home with them, where she would remain for days, making the old house bright and musical with her sweet face and merry voice. We loved her much, and most of all Angela loved her, who had no children of her own, and took the little motherless creature to her inmost heart. Your mother loved her almost as well, but she soon married, and went away, and her own household absorbed her affections.

"The house seemed lonely when she had gone, and we had Alice with us almost constantly, for Captain Deane was grateful to us for our care and love for his motherless child, and gladly gave his consent. She was a happy child, though she had no playmates except when her young brother and Harry Gray, her nurse's son, who sailed in Captain Deane's ship, came home from their voyages. Then the three woke the echoes of Deane, and made the old parsonage merry with their youthful mirth.

"How fond and proud were both the boys of Alice! How they delighted in bringing her gifts from foreign lands, till the rooms she occupied, here and at home, were more like museums than a young lady's bower!

"And so the years wore on, and Alice, petted and loved of all, knew no sorrow save that of parting with her father and her sailor boys when they went to sea. But at sixteen her first real grief fell upon her.

"Angela, true wife, kind friend, the best friend the orphan girl ever had, died; and there was sorrow in many homes when her gentle worth was known, and bitter grief and desolation in that where she had been all to one loving heart.

"Alice lived altogether at home after this, with her nurse and the governess her father had procured for her, coming often to visit me, but never making one of my household as she had done before. There another bereavement awaited her. Her father's ship came into port, but the gallant seaman who had commanded her many a year, no longer trod her decks. He had sickened and died during the voyage, and been buried beneath the waters of the sea he loved so well.

"Then the brother married a foreign lady, who would not leave her home and friends, and Deane mansion seldom saw him. He commanded his father's ship, but only remained in port long enough to exchange cargoes and refit, making hurried visits to his sister, whose guardian he was, and apparently well pleased when Harry Gray took to coasting and was often at Deane to look after his mother, and to fulfil the charge of Alice's interests, which he had accepted.

"How and when love greater than their childish affection grew up between these two, I cannot tell; but that they loved each other I had known for some time, when Alice came to me one morning, smiling and dimpled, to hide her blushes on my arm, as she leaned against me as she had learned to do in her babyhood, and told me that she had promised to be the wife of Harry Gray one day when fortune had smiled upon him. There was a sore pang at my heart as I thought of my lost happiness, but I kissed Alice, and spoke all the words she wanted to hear.

"After that, lonely as her life was, with only Mrs. Gray and the old servants for companions in the large house, she was the gayest and happiest child that ever sang the live-long day for very joy. Her governess had finished her work and left her, and she had no friend near her but these humble ones, and her books and musical instruments; but I am sure she never saw a sorrowful moment for the next three years.

"During this time her brother had brought his wife and two pretty children to pay her a visit, and Harry came and went, but otherwise her life was monotonous as the spreading downs that sloped backward from the sea on all sides of Deane.

"But one morning, at the end of this time, tidings came to me that Deane had been burned during the night just passed, and with them a vague rumor of some heroic deed of the child's. As soon as I had eaten my hurried morning meal, I was on my way thither.

"Half way a messenger from Alice met me, bearing a note from her asking me if she might seek the shelter of the parsonage, with Mrs. Gray, who was ill from terror and some slight injuries she had received. Not a word did the note contain of herself, though the tremulous hand in which it was written told the tale of terror and suffering. And it was not from her lips that I learned how, when the bravest man shrunk from entering the blazing house, and would have left the infirm old woman to a fiery death, she had rushed in, and while the smoke curled and eddied round her head, and the flames licked her garments with their red tongues, had safely sought and borne through all, the insensible form of her nurse. Her bright hair singed, and many a hideous burn, were the marks of her bravery, but she never thought of herself until the old woman had been nursed back to health.

"Alice remained with me until Deane was rebuilt. She had not long returned to it when the old nurse died in her arms, and she was left quite alone. Soon after his mother's death Harry Gray set off to 'seek his fortune.' The Deane lands were bleak and cold, and Alice had no other inheritance save half ownership in them and the mansion; and Harry, like all enthusiastic lovers, would gladly have laid the wealth of a kingdom at his lady's feet.

"Sometimes Alice came to me, but oftener she was solitary in the old house by the sea. She was no longer a child, but twenty-five years sat lightly upon her head.

"She was expecting her brother and his invalid wife, for whom the voyage and change of air had been recommended. But day by day she watched the journals, and day by day she went down to the little landing place, where the steamers from the nearest seaport stopped. But in vain, for they never came, and at last she learned from a few survivors, a sad tale of shipwreck, and cruel death by the waves, and more cruel starvation. The dying message of her lost ones to her had been to bring home and care for the children they had left behind in their English home.

"A year later Alice had brought the children to Deane, and she told me her life work had begun. How she taught and cared for them, striving to fulfil the duties of the parents they had lost—what a loving, thoughtful friend, what a playmate and confidant she was, and yet with such a fine and gentle authority that respect and reverence were blended with their love; none can know as I who watched her course with anxious pride. What a joy and comfort were these children to the lonely girl, and yet she little knew that for them the wildest struggle of her life must be fought.

"Harry had made his 'fortune' at last, and he wished her to join him as she had long ago promised, in the far-off land he called his home. But alas, how was she to dispose of her precious charges? She could neither leave them, nor take them to a new home, where no welcome might await them. At any rate, she had no right to burden Harry with the life-task that her brother had bequeathed her. Counselled by me, she asked for delay, setting forth reasons that should have satisfied even a lover. But lovers are proverbially unreasonable, and Harry was no exception to the rule. Bitter words and unjust accusations came back to her. Coldness and estrangement followed. But Alice's duty was plain, and so she bore, as best she might, the long alienation, keeping ever alight the pure flame of her undying love, and waiting patiently for the time when the plain duty should be accomplished, and the happiness of her life possible.

"Of the three children, the two elder were wan and sickly creatures, requiring constant care. For seven years she waited and tended them, and in all these years she seldom heard from Harry. At last she was told that her sole hope for them was a removal to the soft climate of the West Indies. Turning all her property into available funds, she left her native land, and without shrinking from the sacrifice, set off to find a new home among strange scenes. All was in vain. A year later she was returning with the younger child, leaving two little graves in the English burying ground at Havana, the sole memorial of her visit.

"On board the ship, in a wan and sickly man, prematurely gray and infirm, she encountered her long silent lover. All was explained and forgiven. He was returning with abundant wealth, to find a home in his own land, and when he whispered of hopes so long delayed, so long turned to despair, Alice did not say him nay. Once more happiness seemed near and certain. But Alice was destined to no earthly reward for all she had suffered and wrought.

"Off the dread New Jersey coast, in the depth of a stormy winter night, the ship was wrecked. Few were the survivors, and that among them were Harry and the child, was due to Alice alone. All she did and suffered that night none but God can know. But she wrapped her loved ones in warm garments, and with her own hands helped to lash them to the icy rigging, before she would allow herself to accept the like chance of safety.

"In the morning the shattered pieces of the wreck were washed ashore, and with them came the three. And once again, when they fell into friendly hands, Alice forgot her own sufferings in ministering to those of others.

"At last they reached home. But Harry came only to lie upon a couch of painful suffering during the months that intervened before death came to release him. His faithful wife, for Alice was his wife then, nursed him through all, vibrating between his bed and that on which the child you saw to-day was stretched, hopelessly maimed, and struggling feebly for the almost extinguished spark of life.

"The child recovered, but Harry died; and when all was over, Alice sunk under the sufferings she had so long hidden. They had lost all Harry's wealth in the wreck, and Alice had nothing now but Deane. And the old house had to be sold to furnish means to pay the expenses of that long period of illness.

"So when Alice lay down upon the bed, from which she was never more to rise, it was in the poor cottage in which you saw her, and with the knowledge that but a slender pittance lay between her and absolute beggary. And yet, sustained by her calm faith, she is the happiest woman whom I know. In her life there is nothing to regret. She has worthily fulfilled every duty, in all vicissitudes the emergency has found her equal to the demands. And, for her sorrows, they have come from the hand of the Father who sends afflictions only for his own wise purpose. She is content to believe and trust in Him.

"And now, my boy, will you not agree with me that there is heroism in common life, and in our own hard, practical day? that this strong, brave woman is as true a heroine as bards have sung, or historians have chronicled?"

"Yes uncle," the young man said, "but what a frightful life! Every hope disappointed, every joy crushed, and at last only poverty and helpless pain. There is no poetic justice in such a destiny."

"Ask Alice if her fate is just, and she will tell you that He, in whom she trusts, 'doeth all things well.' It is they who are content to do and to suffer all, leaving the event in God's hand, who are the true heroic souls."

A FEARFUL PERIL.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is his narration of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate elevation:

"Having procured a guide, I set off, at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival in Salsun, (at the foot of the extinct volcano,) praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

"The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I have ever seen outside of Iceland, as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it to say, that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness and desolation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray God, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

"Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scene of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla! Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a brush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting self and guide. Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms, dreadful abysses, and midnight caves, which had never echoed any sounds but the thunders of heaven, and the groanings and convulsions of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene, that I felt a strange thrill, like madness, rush through my shivering frame and quiver about my dizzy brain; and I shouted to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dismally back in a hundred echoes, till it seemed to be lost at last in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

"Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks, and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pit-falls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then displacing fragments of lava, that rolled crashing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in its centre, into which the melting snow and ice, on its sides, were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"'I suppose this is the original crater,' I said, turning to the guide.

"The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.

"'What is the matter?' I quickly demanded; 'have you never seen this spot before?'

"'I have seen the place before, master,' he replied; 'but never anything like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice.'

"'Indeed!' exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; 'what then do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?'

"'I fear so, master; what else can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain about the upper part of the sides, while all the centre is gone.'

"'And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth too!' I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"'Let us leave, master!' returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. 'I do not like to remain here—we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen.'

"'Nay,' said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty, 'I do not think there is any immediate danger—for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return, I should like to venture into this basin and look down into one of those chasms.

"'Oh, no, master!' replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; 'do not do it! it might cost you your life!'

"'At least I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me!' said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"'I will wait,' he answered; 'but remember, master, you go down against my advice.'

"The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it gradually grow warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of on of the seams or chasms, which opened far, far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was running into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals and gentle puffs of heated air.

"The place, the scene, and withal the sense of danger connected with it, held me there with a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. 'Knowing by experience that reason is not always able to govern and control the actions in such cases, I forced myself back a few feet, but still remained near the opening, deaf to the entreaties of my frightened guide, who now began to implore me to return before it should be too late. As the dread volcano had not been in action for more than thirty years before his birth, I believed that he could know no more of the danger than myself, and therefore preferred to act from the dictates of my own feelings rather than his fears; and as I was to pay him well for his services, I felt but little disposed to be hurried from a place which had cost me so much time, money, and trouble to visit.

"Giving no heed therefore to his earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I pried off from a larger one a small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the block having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

"This new manifestation of the powers of nature, fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scrambling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and, without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

"Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! what pen or tongue can portray them?—there, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurled downward by the next great throe of trembling nature.

"'Help! help! help! for the love of God, help!' I screamed, in the very agony of a wild despair.

"I looked up and around to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of Heaven; and I prayed to God, as I had never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour, that I should thus have to undergo a living death; but be the time long or short, I felt there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove, with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, God of mercy! what a fate!

"Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine. May God reward him as he deserves!

"'I warned you, master,' he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"'You did! you did!' cried I: 'but oh forgive and save me!'

"'You are already forgiven, master, and I will save you if I can—save you or perish with you.'

"Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprung forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"'Quick, master!' cried the guide; 'up! up! and run for your life!'

"'I staggered to my feet, with wild cry of hope and fear, and, half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit where we had so lately stood.

"And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

"A few days later, when the long-extinct Hecla was again convulsing the island and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb."

SCENES OF LIFE.—Many scenes of life are holy: the early morn, the twilight hour, the starry night, th rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fane, the marriage rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeing as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

LIFE is fading tint and fleeting form. It is the blue on the grape, the blush on the rose, the foam on the wave, the beam on the cloud, the smoke on the wind, the arrow in the air.

IT is impossible for two persons to harmonize perfectly. They cannot stand side by side, looking in the same direction, so that their hearts shall beat next to one another.

HISTORIES used often to be stories. The fashion now is to leave out the story. The facts are absorbed by the reflections, as the meat sometimes is by the fat.

TO pass a whole life-time without performing one generous act until the dying hour, is to live like the Talipat tree, which blooms not till the last year of its existence.

LIFE is a strange problem. It is somewhat remarkable that the very verb which expresses existence, *to be*, is defective in most, if not all languages.

AS the motley diorama of the world passes by, let us pause to look on and learn the density of bubbles and the physiognomy of shades.

SOCIETY is like air—very high up it is too sublimated for comfortable breathing, too low down it is a perfect choke-damp.

SOME despotic governments have quite as much reason to be afraid of dead authors as of living ones.

THE man whom prosperity makes grateful must have a singular power of self-concealment; mortal eye has never seen him.

MODESTY promotes worth but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

WRITE against the abuses of the age, and you must depend on the generosity of a few for your board, and the malice of the many for your fame.

WHEN a boy gets to think himself above parental authority, his parents should try to *shake* him in his belief.

A BOSTON man has invented a new pocket that he calls "thief-proof." Our people need some change in their pockets.

THE object of nearly all great talkers seems to be to excite their own admiration—and they never fail.

IF you buy a crying baby's silence by yielding to its wishes, the cunning little huckster will beset you continually for similar bargains.

THE heart that is true and warm has no dial-face with hour-marks and year-marks upon it: like a woman of thirty-five, it never tells its age.

DON'T rely for success upon empty praise. The swimmer upon the stream of life should be able to keep afloat without the aid of bladders.

LADIES, pray fret not too much over small losses, or you will all the sooner have a great loss to fret over—the loss of your beauty.

WHERE a girl has too many boys about her, the indication is like that of buoys off a harbor—*shallow water here.*

MANY gain favor because their enmity is not dreaded, and others because it is.

PRAISE is valuable only when it comes from lips not afraid to condemn.

IT doesn't seem desirable to live an invalid; he who is "one foot in the grave" might as well be *six*.

WHENEVER you drink, be sure you have your nose above *water*.

A MAN never has the least difficulty in finding a devoted friend, except when he needs one.

IRON exists in the blood and preserves it; gold or the love of it exists in the heart and corrupts it.

A BITTER partisan editor curses all parties but his own, and is a curse to that.

IF you discharge a jest at a friend or a gun at a woodcock, be sure that it isn't out of season.

AN old man with an aquiline nose wears spectacles on his own hook.

THERE is an anger that is as majestic as the frown of Omnipotence, it is the anger of truth and love.

A FAILURE in a good cause is far better than a triumph in a bad one.

EVERY scheme of happiness must be imperfect that does not embrace wife home, and children

CURRENT ITEMS.

A BARBARIAN living in Cincinnati, who had been frequently complained of for cruelty to his family, beat his wife most inhumanly one night not long since, and the wretched woman at last fled, carrying with her two of her children. The husband and father then rushed to a bed on which a third child was sleeping, dragged the innocent sleeper out, *and threw it upon a hot stove.* The cries of the child soon collected a company of the neighbors, who rescued the little sufferer and dragged the fiendish father off to jail.

A MAN living in Third Avenue, who had occasion to be out till near morning a short time since, on entering the house and going to his bed-room, discovered that some one was holding the door from the inside, and being of a jealous disposition, he at once suspected something wrong, drew a pistol, fired through the panel, and seriously wounded his wife, who had been holding the door in terror, under the supposition that the house was being ransacked by burglars.

A YOUNG girl, fifteen years of age, who lives in Brooklyn, recently robbed the house while her father (a widower) was absent from the city, and with the assistance of the servant girl decamped with everything of value that was portable. She had repeatedly robbed her father before, and after this offence he permitted her to be arrested and dealt with as a common thief.

A FARMER in an "oil county" of Pennsylvania lately sold a piece of land at a large price, on which a productive oil well had been sunk. The buyers soon found that the land was not the only thing that the farmer had sold, inasmuch as they discovered that all the oil the well had ever yielded had been first put in it by the enterprising farmer himself.

AN old lady, living in South Buffalo, Pa., was standing in the porch of her house, one evening, lately, when a large and favorite Newfoundland dog playfully leaped against her, with such force as to hurl her some distance; and, on being carried into the house, it was found that one arm, one leg, and one finger were broken, and her shoulder dislocated.

A LITTLE boy, four years of age, whose parents reside in Harlem, was delightedly playing, one evening, recently, with a penknife which his father had brought him home, and falling accidentally, he stuck the open blade into his neck, inflicting a dangerous and perhaps fatal wound.

A PARTY of marauding savages encountered the Rev. Mr. Braeuninger, one of the missionaries of the German Lutheran Synod of Iowa, on the head waters of the Yellowstone, a short time since, and after insulting and barbarously ill-treating him, they ended the tragedy by murdering the unoffending missionary.

ONE night, recently, a man was seen to jump into the dock, at pier 34, East river. A watchman near by threw the desperate man a rope, as soon as possible, but he resolutely refused to take hold of it, and was drowned. Who he was is unknown.

A LITTLE boy, six years of age, on a visit from Brooklyn to some relatives at Cold Spring, strayed away into the fields, one afternoon, and got lost. He was traced through woods, swamps, and snow, several miles, and was at last found frozen to death.

A WOMAN, who had been married but a short time, went into her husband's lumber mill, in Ottowa, C. W., one day, a short time since, to look for him, and becoming entangled in the machinery, was almost instantly killed.

A TROY paper says that about three hundred thousand tons of old bells have lately arrived in West Troy, from Mexico, to be re-cast, some of which are of great antiquity.

THE Pennsylvania papers express fears that the peach crop of that State has been almost entirely cut off by the cold snap which followed the warm, spring-like, budding days which marked the close of winter.

A MAN named Reardon was attacked in Water street, one evening, recently, and terribly beaten, by a couple of desperate and well-known rowdies, one of whom was arrested and locked up; the other escaped.

THE oldest inhabitant of Onondaga county, who was a member of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, recently died at the age of one hundred and twenty years.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

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THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

In this number of the Ledger we have the pleasure of printing an admirable article from Mr. Everett's pen on *The Burdens of Public Life*. It is timely and interesting. The contrast which is delicately drawn between the past and the present, makes one feel sad at the thought that the good old times when the office sought the man, and not the man the office, have passed away.

A NEWSPAPER EDUCATION.

"Your people," said a Cockney to an American in our hearing the other day, "are superficial; their heducation, as a general thing, is merely a newspaper heducation." The gentleman from Cockaigne intended to be very severe, but any sensible man who rightly estimates the value of newspaper literature at the present day, will see that his remark was rather complimentary than otherwise. It is true that in order to become profound in any department of human knowledge, it is necessary to resort to other sources of information than the periodical press. But it is neither desirable nor possible that the masses should be profound. A pedantic public would be unpractical and helpless. The million cannot spare time from the somewhat important duty of getting an honest living, to drink deep of the "Pierian Spring." To these the newspaper is an ever open book, which they can read as they run, and which imparts the kinds of information most essential to them in their various occupations and pursuits, in a clear and simple way. It makes them acquainted with current history, with all useful improvements in art and science, with new and valuable discoveries in all lands, with the resources of their own country, and the best means of profitably developing them. It is the log-book of Progress, showing that the world moves, and *how* it moves.

The highest order of mind sheds light upon the people through the daily and weekly press. A family paper like the Ledger, for example, enriched with contributions from the pens of distinguished statesmen, historians, philosophers, moralists, divines, essayists, poets and novelists, is a popular educator of more practical value to the masses than all the libraries and colleges in the world. It is only through a medium of this class, accessible from its cheapness to all, that the general intellect can be brought into contact with the greatest minds of the country, and receive from them, in its simplest, briefest, and most useful form, the practical essence of that knowledge which it has cost the labor of years to acquire.

And so, after all, "a mere newspaper education" is not, in this country, a thing to be despised. With the aid of Common Schools, School, Apprentices' and Mechanics' Libraries, and that invaluable popular instructor, the *Newspaper press*, we manage to turn out boys of sixteen who know enough, at that age, to pity the ignorance of a large proportion of the mature Cockneys who misuse the *h*'s, *v*'s and *w*'s in their presence.

POOR RICH MEN.

These are Crœsuses whom the poor can afford to pity. Men who have built up their golden "piles" by grinding the faces of the needy, and who sit brooding over their spoils, without one pleasant recollection connected with their acquisition, and without the capacity to enjoy the wealth, for the sake of which, they have soiled their consciences and begrimed their souls. Let no man who earns his daily bread with horny hands and streaming brow, envy such poor victims of Mammon. They never knew the luxury of sharing a hard-earned dollar with a comrade out of work. To *shave*, not to *share*, is their vocation. We have known wealthy skin-flints who positively suffered pain when they had to help their own children twice at table; nay, we know one now, in a neighboring State, who complains bitterly of the appetites of his sons and daughters. People say he is mad—but in all that relates to making money, he is too sane for most of those with whom he deals. Better poverty and content, than riches and insatiable greed. The desire to acquire property by honest means is natural and praiseworthy; but a sordid worship of dollars and cents, without reference to their use as a means of procuring wholesome enjoyment, and of doing good, is something which we cannot realize, though all men know, of course, that the vile idolatry exists. Thank Heaven, there is, probably, less of it in this country than in any other portion of Christendom.

THE LOBBY.

What a scandal to our government is the Lobby! Who will deliver us from the Lobby? It has come to be understood, that a bill has no chance unless it has powerful and paid friends in the Lobby. A measure may be demanded by the public voice; it may be needed for the public good; it may be necessary to the public honor and safety; no matter, it can only be lobbied through the legislature. The worst of it is that the more just and necessary a measure may be, the less chance it has in the Lobby, because good citizens, who care only for the public advantage, cannot bring themselves to practice the corrupt arts that enlist the Lobby's co-operation; while bad men have no such scruples. There is something fundamentally wrong in our politics. Good and able men do not get the control of our affairs. The Wire Puller is King; the Lobby is his minister; and the people are at their mercy. What is the matter?

RANCOROUS CONTROVERSY.

Argument is generally as useless as good advice; the latter is seldom taken, and the former as seldom convinces. That good advice should be so frequently disregarded ought not to surprise us, because it is generally easy to *perceive* the part of wisdom, but most difficult to *act* in accordance with our convictions. Anybody can advise a drunkard to reform, and the advice is good; but how hard for the wretch enthralled by habit and tormented by morbid desire, to break the chain that binds him to destruction.

But why should argument so constantly fail to convince?

We have been looking over a large number of controversial pamphlets and articles lately, and we find that not one controversialist in five has sense enough, or good nature enough, or even art enough, to treat his opponents with respect. Here is a flaming political pamphlet, which the author must have written, one would think, for the purpose of bringing his readers over to his opinion. But he assumes, from the beginning to the end of his performance, that every man in the world who does not agree with him on the subject in dispute, is either a fool or a villain. He does not merely assume this; he declares it twenty times. He never speaks of his opponents without calling them insulting names. The pamphlet convinces nobody, of course; it merely excites animosity and contempt. Yet there is enough truth in the production to change many minds, if that truth were wielded by a man of tact and good nature.

The more profound and complicated the subject discussed, the more rancorously is it argued. Before us is a controversial article in a religious newspaper, on a subject that has divided opinion for many ages; upon which the ablest and noblest men have differed. The writer takes it for granted, that those who do not agree with *him* are not merely mistaken, but depraved. He does not scruple to call them by that most odious of all names, *infidels*. Did he expect to convince any one by his essay? If not, why did he write it? In another religious newspaper, we find a distinguished gentleman, an ornament to literature and to his country, one of the three or four men of genius now living in America, styled a *parricide*, because he wrote a good-humored burlesque of the manner in which children were educated in the olden time.

All this is exceedingly absurd. It is worse than absurd; it is hurtful. How can any reasonable being read an article in the parricidal style without throwing down the paper in disgust. Besides, how can there be any progress in the discovery of truth, if the announcement of a novel or unusual opinion is to be denounced as a crime?

The golden rule of controversy is, to treat an opponent with respect. If he *is* a fool, why argue with him! If he is not a fool, why enrage him by calling him one!

HOW A COUNTRYMAN LOST HIS WATCH.

A young man hailing from the eastern shore of New Jersey, while on a recent visit to this city, fell among thieves worse than the unfortunate man of old encountered. The modern rogues approached their victim under the specious guise of friendship, kindly guiding him from curiosity to curiosity, and extending to him a degree of courtesy and hospitality, which, in his simplicity, he had never expected to meet with from the denizens of this city. His new friends were playful fellows—full of fun and frolic, and up to many things which the countryman found delight in. At last, just after sunset, they hit upon a really "big thing." And it was "all between themselves." One of them bet the other that he could run from Trinity Church to the Bowling Green and back in four minutes; the wager being an oyster supper for the three and a new hat for their country friend, whose "tile" was not *just* the thing for Broadway wear. As the runner was about to start, he borrowed the countryman's gold watch, "so he might see how the time passed, and regulate his speed accordingly." All being ready, the word was given, and away sped the Olympian, watch in hand. He did not get back at the end of the four minutes. "He has lost the bet, *sure*," said his friend, "let's hold on awhile, and he'll be back; fact is, he can't do the distance in *ten* minutes, and *I knew* it." They held on ten minutes, but the missing man came not. "Let's go to ——'s, where we were to have the supper; perhaps he's gone right there," said the confederate. They went to the appointed place, but the loser had not made his appearance. His friend ordered the supper, however, and a good one it was. The supper was eaten, and still the man who was to pay for it hadn't come. "*I'll go fetch him*," said the winner, sternly; "this fooling has gone far enough;" and away he went. Of course he never came back, and the poor dupe had to pay for the supper besides losing his watch.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The alchemic finger of Spring has already touched the willows, turning their lithe shoots to golden wands, that May shall clothe with silver-dusted foliage. The new meadow grass is blading out among last year's storm-bleached tufts, a faint and tender green begins to overspread the landscape, and, in short, the annual "great awakening" of Nature has fairly commenced. The waterfowl, after a pleasant winter in the South, are taking the air-line route for the bays and rivers and great inland seas of the North. The passenger pigeons, on their way from Central America to the great roosting-places of the West, are paying heavy tribute to northern guns at every stage of their journey; squirrels are out "budding" in the quiet woods, and the brook trout, in their Spring suit of silver gray and scarlet, are on their pilgrimage to the fountain heads of crystal streams, that tumble down the rocky hollows, and slip noiselessly through the level fields.

AN EMPRESS MAGNETIZED.

We learn, through a private letter from Paris, that on a recent occasion, while the maids of Eugenie were preparing her toilette prior to her going to a grand ball, she amused herself with reading Mrs. Ritchie's story of "The Mute Singer," in the Ledger. So absorbed did the Empress become in this fascinating story, that she continued to read on after the maids had finished their work, without noticing that the hour had passed when she was to notify the Emperor of her readiness to depart. Napoleon, meanwhile, grew impatient at the delay, and finally sent his chamberlain to notify the Empress that he was "awaiting her pleasure," whereby she was recalled to herself, and bade "The Mute Singer" good-bye until she should return.

St. Albans, Vt., March 18th, 1861.

Mr. Bonner—*Dear Sir*:—Expecting, when each Ledger came, to see a solution of the cranberry mystery, I have remained silent; but as no solution of the mystery is given, and as there is one party willing to wage war for the vines, and another party equally zealous to do battle for the bushes, allow me to state that there are two kinds of cranberry: the *Macrocarpus Oxycoccus* and the *Palustris Oxycoccus*, of the genus *Ericeæ*. I have picked cranberries from *vines*, the vines from three to ten inches in length, in Massachusetts; and from *bushes*, the bushes from three to twelve feet in hight, in Maine and Vermont. Yours, respectfully, G. H. C.

[We have received a number of letters of similar import to the above. The publication of this one covers the whole ground.—Ed. Ledger.]

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Seventeen.

THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

I observed in the last number that there is probably no country in which Public Life is so arduous as in our own. There are two principal causes for this, one the compound nature of the system, consisting as it does of the national and state governments, curiously interwoven with each other; the other the entire absence of a governing class and the political equality of the citizens.

With a partial exception for Switzerland, which, like ourselves, has a mixed central and a cantonal system, the government of the United States is the only powerful government in the world, which consists of the two elements so closely interwoven for some purposes, and otherwise so entirely independent of each other. In the European monarchies, all the great interests of the State centre in the Court,—all the powerful local influences are represented and controlled at the Capital. It is true that this arrangement throws upon the central government a vast deal of local detail, from which the government of the United States is relieved, but the practical conduct of government is simplified. The sovereign power, if wisely administered, acts through a regular series of subordinate agencies, from the central point to the remotest extremities. In this country, besides the central power, which, within its constitutional sphere, is a government binding every individual citizen, we have a very large family of States,—some of them, as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, as populous as the whole United States in the revolutionary times,—each to certain intents an independent government. Now these independent State governments have each its local seat of power; its circle of great men; sometimes its separate local interests; and what is by no means to be forgotten, its State pride. These State influences, embodied in the State organization, cannot be transferred to Washington. They exist and act at the local capitals, and must be studied, comprehended, and respected as they exist there. It is necessary, therefore, for those entrusted for the time being with the control of the general government, not only to be entirely familiar with that system, and manage with skill its innumerable springs and levers; but they must be equally observant of the march of affairs in several—in many—of the leading States, the wheels within a wheel of the mighty machine. This circumstance adds to the difficulty of governing a Union of States much as it would add to the difficulty of commanding a great army, if, instead of being one whole, controlled by orders descending from one chief through a regular series of subordinates, down to the humblest private, it were broken up into a group of separate armies, not altogether independent, it is true, but yet intrenched each within the lines of its own real or fancied interest, honor and pride. In the political history of the United States, Richmond, Albany, Nashville, Columbia, Harrisburgh, Boston and Columbus have at times played as prominent parts as Washington.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say, that I mention this as a characteristic, not as a defect, in our system. It has usually been considered, and, in quiet times, certainly is, one of the most valuable features of our mixed government. In France and England the central power has to carry the burden of every railroad, every bridge, every bit of enclosed common, in short, every petty local interest,—a weight which would sink our general government in a season. But in a serious political crisis, the existence of powerful State governments becomes an element of weakness, in proportion to their power and influence in the Confederacy.

The impartial student of our political history, will find that at every period since the organization of the government, some of its most formidable embarrassments and difficulties have had their origin in the complexity of the system.

But a greater practical difficulty springs from the nature of all our governments, alike those of the State and the nation, resting as they do on the principle of political equality. Every one is equally entitled to advancement, and thinks himself equally qualified for every place. The States themselves being divided, each into its hundred—not to say thousand—minor democracies,—its counties, cities, and townships, the humblest local ambitions find objects within their reach, and the lowest intelligencies are kindled into the pursuit of place. In this way the entire population is educated to the possibility and, by a natural consequence, to the desire of holding office. Local honors, places in municipal governments, selectman, alderman, common council man, supervisor, school committee man, county commissioner, sheriff,—satisfy a nascent ambition. State senator, representative, and judge are food for a nobler appetite; and the glittering array of federal dignities—collector and postmaster,—Congress, the Cabinet, the Judiciary, the Foreign Missions and Consulates fill the promised land in the back ground.

Whenever the politics of the country change, these brilliant rewards of service are to be distributed afresh, and the mighty army of office-seekers moves upon Washington. A past President of the United States told me that, on his first accession to power, the White House was besieged from eight o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night, by throngs of self-constituted candidates for office. Even the private family rooms were not free from intrusion. A Secretary of State under a former Administration told me, that he offered, watch in hand, to the multitude of applicants who thronged the passages of the Department, to give them, in succession, five minutes each, if they would be content with an interview of that length and go their ways. At midnight the stream was still flowing. A venerable clerk who was appointed by Chief Justice Marshall, while Secretary of State in 1800, and who remained in office thirty-seven years, informed me that when he first entered the Department, it was rather a rare circumstance to receive any recommendations for office, while a personal application for an appointment was a thing unknown. The practice sprang up and grew by degrees, but the applications at first were for merely ministerial and subordinate places. Such applications for friends multiplied, and in the course of time men began to solicit clerkships and other minor offices for themselves. Both practices grew with the population of the country and the predominance of the democratic principle, till he had lived to see an application in person made for a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and that, too, by an individual well qualified for the place!

A laughable story was told in Washington, in Mr. Madison's time, of a man who came there in search of a place. He began by asking to be appointed Governor of a Territory. No vacancy existing in that office, he had no objection to be Marshal of the District of Columbia, or chief clerk in one of the Bureaus. Not obtaining either of these places, he was willing to be a messenger in one of the Departments, gardener of the Capitol grounds, or porter at the President's house. All these offices being unfortunately filled, he eyed Mr. Madison closely, and said, "You and I, Mr. President, are of about the same make; couldn't you spare me a suit of clothes which you have done with?" *This* application was gladly granted, and the next day Mr. Madison saw him at work on the avenue, dressed in one of his own cast off coats.

Not only were applications for office rare in former days, but it was often hard to get suitable candidates to accept places now deemed the most desirable. There is in the library of the University at Cambridge, a copy of the work entitled "Conduct of the Executive," written by Mr. Monroe after his return from the mission to France. It is the copy which belonged to General Washington, and contains numerous annotations written by himself in the margin. The first sentence in this work is as follows: "In the month of May, 1794, I was invited by the President of the United States, through the Secretary of State, to accept the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic." General Washington's marginal note against this sentence is: "After *several* attempts had been made to obtain a more eligible character."*

When Edmund Randolph resigned the office of Secretary of State in 1795, General Washington first offered it to Mr. Justice Patterson of New Jersey, then an associate Justice of the Supreme Court, who declined it. The President then offered the place, in a private letter written by himself, to Governor Johnson of Maryland. He also declined the offer, stating that "without affectation, he did not think he could do credit to the office of Secretary." The place was next offered to General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who also declined it, in consequence of the state of his private affairs. General Washington then addressed a letter to Patrick Henry, making a tender of the office to him, and on his refusal, Colonel Timothy Pickering, the Secretary of War, who had filled the Department of State *ad interim*, was appointed Secretary.

Chief Justice Marshall in 1795, being then forty years of age, refused the office of Attorney General, on the ground that it would interfere with a lucrative private practice. In 1796 he refused the mission to France, when offered to him by General Washington. In 1797 he accepted from President Adams the place of Joint Envoy to France with General Pinckney and Mr. Gerry. Mr. Adams, speaking of him at that time, in a letter to Mr. Gerry, says, he "is a plain man, very sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in the Law of Nations." Returned to America in 1798, he was in the following year offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which he declined. Having thus in four years refused three of the most prominent offices under the government, in the course of 1799 and 1800, he reluctantly and, at the earnest personal solicitation of Washington, accepted a seat in Congress, and by the appointment of President Adams within the space of eight months, occupied successively the offices of Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice of the United States. In those days the highest offices solicited, often in vain, the ablest men. Places of honor and emolument, for which candidates, as unfit as clamorous, now besiege the appointing Power, under all administrations, were then forced with difficulty upon the meritorious and patriotic. By such generous and modest arts the Republic grew.

With the lapse of time, manners and customs have changed, greatly to the detriment of the public interest. With every change of politics, the incoming administration is assailed by an army of partizans and their friends, demanding office. This enormous and all but intolerable evil, which has been steadily growing, as we have seen, for sixty years, received a powerful impulse from a law passed in 1820, limiting to four years† the term for which many officers were appointed. There is too much reason to think that this unwise law was intentionally passed to stimulate the zeal of partizans. The consequence has got to be, that precisely at the moment when a new administration is coming into power, and when it is more than ever important that its members should be able to devote their whole time, and all their energies, without hurry or perplexity, to the public service, they are beset by a selfish throng of office-seekers—their time taken up, their attention distracted, their feelings morbidly enlisted, and their physical strength worn out. The task of administering the government of a country, as extensive, and with a political system so complicated as ours, is at best sufficient to put to the highest proof the united qualifications of capacity, experience, and single-hearted devotion to the public good, and it is melancholy to reflect, that at the most critical period for any administration, all these qualifications must be lost to the public service, and exhausted in balancing the rival claims of hungry candidates, in weighing against each other long lists of unimportant or important names, and in estimating the comparative value of electioneering services.

Nor is the influence of this universal spirit of office-seeking worse upon the mass of those who are animated by it, and the public generally. While the labors and the cares of those who constitute the appointing power, are immeasurably increased, the community is kept in a state of unhealthy excitement. To the legitimate interest, which is and ought to be taken in great public questions in a free country, is superadded the selfish and corrupt influence of the professed office-seekers. Having learned the inauspicious lesson, that place is to be sought, not waited for, that office is not a trust committed to solid and unobstrusive merit, but a prize to be openly snatched by eager partizans, a class of politicians are called into existence, hardly known to the purer days of the Republic. The nature of the offices sought, is often in the most ridiculous, not to say pitiable contrast with the qualifications (?) of the candidate. He has signalized himself perhaps as an adroit manager at primary meetings; an indefatigable canvasser of the city, the county, or the State; a clever rural editor; a fluent stump-orator, and though wholly unacquainted with the political history of the country, utterly unexperienced in affairs, with loose business habits, more frequently none at all; ignorant of every foreign language, and not well acquainted with his own; to say nothing of personal habits, which should of themselves forbid his employment, he demands to represent the character of the country, and protect the rights of its citizens at some foreign court, or in some lucrative foreign consulate, where his only resource against utter failure, will be in some clever secretary of legation, or some faithful drudge of a clerk, who will do all the work, and leave him to the enjoyment of the unearned salary.

It is a necessary consequence of this state of things, not merely that unfit and incompetent men are employed, but that those of the opposite character are excluded from office. A few of the highest places,—a very few,—will of necessity devolve, without solicitation, upon the ablest men of the party;—upon those best qualified to fill them. But under the system which I have faintly sketched, the office-holders, as a general rule, will be self-designated applicants, obtaining their places by personal application and the recommendations of friends. The places being thus monopolized, few are left to be assigned by the deliberate choice of the appointing power to those well qualified to fill them. Those best fitted to serve the country, disdaining a resort to the means by which advancement is obtained, are left of necessity in private life,—and the public service falls, almost without exception, into selfish and unqualified hands. These remarks are not made with any invidious reference to particular administrations or parties; they are alas! of application too nearly universal.

If the evil is without remedy, it may at least be said (poor consolation) that it is not without its retribution. Of all earthly purgatories, that of the professed office-seeker must be among the most tormenting, while of a hundred that engage in the thankless pursuit, scarce one on an average can succeed. Spenser, in his *Mother Hubberd's* tale, has described the class as it existed in his day, at the English Court, in colors not a whit too strong for republican America:

> "Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide:
> To lose good days, that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow:
> To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
> To eat thy heart, through comfortless despairs
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!"

* I have a presentation copy of this work, handsomely bound, with the following words in Mr. Monroe's handwriting, on the blank leaf: "For Thomas Paine, from his friend, James Monroe."

† Sixteenth Congress, first Session, ch. 102, commonly called the Four Years' Law.

MR. AND MRS. LIBRARIO.

Isn't it astounding how men revel in dirt? Now there's Mr. Librario; if his desk is dusted, it must be by stealth, when the creature is out book-hunting, or when he is asleep, or smoking, in which latter case, you might amputate one of his feet, and he wouldn't know it. Now if I didn't always, before beginning, make an exact note of the latitude and longitude of every nasty bit of manuscript, every tail end of a pipe, every old stub of a pencil, every precious old ink-crusted penholder, or crumb of a wafer, and conscientously replace them all just where I found them, he might talk; but haven't I a desk of my own, I'd like to know, and can't I enter heartily into *that* part of the feeling? But when Mr. Librario tells me that he can't write as well when his desk is "cleared up;" when he faces me out that a dusty-desk does not constantly involve dirty-shirt-wristbands; when he lifts up both hands imploringly at sight of my nice little feather-duster, and trys to put me off with a compliment about my morning-gown, or my hair, I must say I'm not to be caught with any such nonsense. And when I point to his own hair, that his fingers have chased ideas through, till it looks like the mane of a Shetland pony; and when I lift up his paws, black with ink, which he declares "won't come off," although I have presented him with several cakes of pumice-stone soap; when I gently insinuate that if his horrid waste-paper basket were emptied, there might be more room in it; or that if one or two coats of tobacco smoke were wiped from his windows, it might throw more light on the various subjects of his contemplation; or that it is high time the floor of his execrable den were swept and garnished; and when the creature, just at that point, starts theatrically, and pretends he hears the front-door-bell ring, and is certain that "it is somebody for *me*," I must say that is not what I expected when I plighted my "blue stockings" to him. But when, after having summarily ejected me and my harmless feather-duster from his room, he invites Tom, Dick and Harry up into that disreputable den, instead of my pretty, clean parlor; and Tom, Dick and Harry, whom I never saw, and who consequently never saw me, sit there, with their heels up, and discuss meerschaums, and take all that dirt as a sample of "a literary woman's housekeeping."—Oh!—oh!

Now do you suppose *I* could write if there was a thread or a straw on my carpet, or a speck of dust on any article in the room, or an ink spot on my finger; could I scribble in soiled cuffs, or collar, or if my hair were uncombed, or if my flowers were not basking in the sun before me at my window; or were not the bust of him "who hath his eyes and ears open" in its place upon my desk; or did not my pet cast of a baby's plump foot and hand, lie there; or was not everything about me clean, sweet and pleasant to look upon? No sir; and there's just the difference between Mr. Librario and me. He likes dirt, like the rest of his "sect;" I don't. He likes a pipe, I like a nosegay. He likes to splash through the street-puddles, and I like to tiptoe over them with clean feet. He has a watch, which, like its master, "never goes wrong!" I have "*a lady's watch*:" you should see the volumes written in Mr. Librario's face when he uses *that* expression! When I get frantic about that hideous den that he calls his "study," thank goodness, I have the courage to tell him—what no man living will bear—that his watch don't keep time! Fanny Fern.

AMERICAN "CHINA" WARE.

Office of the Empire China Manufacturing Company, Green St., Green Point, L. I.

January 22d, 1861

To the Editor of the Ledger:—Seeing an article in your paper some time since on the manufacture of wares from clay in this country, in which it is stated that the manufacture of Porcelain had never been successfully attempted as yet, it occurred to us to convince you of the contrary by sending for your acceptance the accompanying Pitcher.

The original intention was to have had it ready by Christmas, but the press of engagements incident to that season prevented. Please, therefore, accept it as an evidence of the fact that Porcelain ware is and can be made in this country, and exclusively from materials abounding therein; and also as a memento of the kindly feeling of the proprietors, who have long been readers of your journal

Our works have now been established for a year and a half, and we should be happy to give you a welcome reception and ocular demonstration of a successful *American* manufactory of *French(?)* Porcelain.

By order of the Board. Respectfully yours.

W. W. Van Ness, *Vice President*.

The following is the mode of manufacture of porcelain at Green Point:

The materials consist of clay, spar and quartz. These are mixed in their proper proportions, with water, to the consistency of cream, and in this state passed through a fine gauze sieve: the water is separated by either pressure or evaporation, until the mass acquires the consistency of stiff dough, and is termed paste. It is then wedged (or pounded) until the air is driven out, and the paste becomes homogeneous. It is then ready for the potter's hands, and is moulded in plaster moulds into the various articles required, and after becoming sufficiently dried, put into "seggars," which serve to protect the ware from the direct action of the fire. They are then placed one upon another in a kiln, the bottom of one serving for a cover to the other, and are there partially baked, and form what is termed biscuit. It now passes into the hands of the dippers, who put on the glaze. This is done by immersing the biscuit in mixture, held in suspension by water; the water is absorbed by the biscuit, leaving a thin and uniform coating of powder upon the outside.

Our National Song-writer.—The New Orleans True Delta, in speaking of our popular contributor Gen. Geo. P. Morris, pays him the following handsome compliment: "In this country General Morris has taken the palm in song-writing. His melodies are exquisite, full of idealism, tenderness and beauty."

A promise is a just debt which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY MARY FORREST.

A tender and tuberosy odor,
A laugh like a turbulent rill,
A soft little hand on my shoulder,
A lip with a sentient thrill:
Eyes liquid with luminous kindness,
Divining the innermost need,
And wooing the soul to the surface,
As blades from the withered seed—
When the sunshine is richest and warmest,
And darkest the cleaving mold—
Are lured into delicate tendrils
To braid in the strands of gold:
And I know that one standeth beside me,
Who, for many and many a year,
Has brought from a bubbling fountain
My beaker of daily cheer;
And I lay my two hands in the sunbeams
That play on her banded hair,
And pray to our Father to bless her
With a blessing beyond my prayer;
To teach her to bow to the tempest,
And smile up in the face of the storm:
To keep her brow fair from the ashes,
Her woman's heart dewy and warm;
And if ever in desolate places
She walketh like one in a dream,
And findeth her lips at a fountain
That wells from a bitter stream,
May the angel to whom it is given
To bear up the feet of the brave,
Bring the cup of cold water that ever
Her hand to the sorrowing gave!

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Six months went by; autumn gave place to winter, and winter to spring, and Mrs. Sitterly remained untroubled by her strange creditor and by her stranger conscience.

She had been disenthralled from the dread of long years, and her spirits rose in proportion to the weight of which they had been relieved.

She had no fears in regard to the appalling deed which, by her agents, she had committed, excepting that it might, by some means, fall short of its intended consummation. Her hatred of Hassel had always been equal to her fear of him, and her triumph now surpassed both. That he deserved death—that she had a right to be his judge and executioner, to protect her own interests—these horrible postulates she assumed with entire complacency, and without a tinge of remorse.

Remorse? Nay, she gloried in her act, and in the perfect impunity with which it had been committed, and which, she felt certain, was forever secured to her.

Rook, enriched by his crime, was sent to reside in a western home, at a great distance from the city, and Blass had in no way actively participated in the deed. He had neither seen Hassel nor his nautical captor, and if the former should even escape and return to New York, there was no one whom he could challenge as the author of his wrongs. If he had been garroted at night in the public streets, or had been impressed as a sailor by an unprincipled sea captain, Mrs. Sitterly could not be blamed for that.

She believed that in the event of his return, Hassel would not suspect her of complicity in the deed by which he had suffered, or if he did, that in the absence of all proof, he would not accuse her of it, nor in any way be more her persecutor than he had been before.

With these views, then, but more especially with the confident belief that her tormentor would never return, Mrs. Sitterly had become almost, if not quite, a happy woman.

Quite happy she seemed, and the world talked of the change which had come upon her. She grew younger and handsomer, so said her flatterers, whose name was legion, and the great lady found it easy to give them credence.

Mr. Blass had been disappointed in his hopes of a speedy consent by Evelyn to his overtures of marriage, but he continued to receive the most positive assurances from her father that she would and should accept him.

He had been so liberally rewarded for his share in the recent abduction, that the matrimonial scheme was not pecuniarily quite so essential to his comfort as he had before considered it. Still it was highly desirable as a financial operation, and aside from the business view of the matter, he really wished to have Evelyn for his wife. She was young, handsome and attractive, more so, perhaps, to him, because she so persistently repelled all his advances.

What the unfortunate young lady's condition was may well be imagined. Urged to this hated alliance by the daily injunctions of her father, by all the allurements of future wealth and position, by the alternative of utter poverty, and the assurance that in no event should she be allowed to marry the man of her choice; exposed daily to the not over delicate addresses of Simon, whom often she could not even avoid seeing alone, Evelyn became well nigh distracted, and was haunted by the dread that she might, in some hour of weakness, yield to her persecutors, for the sake of gaining that peace which was now denied her.

She no longer saw Mr. Lynde; her school-days were ended, and she suspected they had been prematurely terminated for the very purpose of debarring her from the occasional interviews with her lover which they afforded.

Seth, who had now been nearly two years at the bar, had by no means leaped into that professional eminence which he had so fondly anticipated.

Like other eager aspirants for forensic honors, he found that the hill of Fame was steep and rugged, and was crowded with jostling competitors. Of these, indeed, he knew that the majority would fall away, lured by the temptations of ease and pleasure, and that it would be left to the strong will, the resolute purpose, and the diligent hand to succeed. Yet it was a long, hard race, and before it could be won, he feared that the prize for which he struggled would be lost to him. What would wealth and honors be to him, if he could not lay them at Evelyn's feet?

Yet Mr. Lynde had done something towards laying the foundation of a professional career, and slight as his progress seemed to himself, he had already won the reputation, among legal men, of a diligent student, a good judge of law, and an eloquent speaker.

That he would become an able and powerful advocate seemed every way probable, but thus far he had not been fortunate enough to obtain the management of any causes of sufficient magnitude to give his ability a fair test.

The senior Mr. Lynde, it has been said, was not a man of property, yet he had possessed a sufficient income to justify him in giving his only son a liberal education, and even the advantage of foreign travel. But recent misfortunes, including the failure of his health, had deprived him of the power to afford further assistance to Seth, who continued, indeed, to be a member of his father's family, but was obliged to contribute the whole of his slender income to the general support.

Not grudgingly was this done, for Seth belonged to that generous class of men who seem always to consider their friends' interests before their own, and he was most warmly attached to his parents, and to the two sisters who, with himself, formed the whole of the little family.

While the young man struggled on, and looked hopefully for a better state of affairs, they grew regularly worse.

His father's incapacity and his own consequent burdens daily increased, until at times the weight of his responsibility and the gloominess of his prospects overcame all his natural cheerfulness, and rendered him a prey to the most corroding anxiety.

Such, however, was but an exceptional state of mind with Seth, whose active habits and sanguine temperament were generally proof against melancholy.

He knew that there was no antidote against "the blues" like industry, and when he had buried himself behind a little Alps of open law-books, ferreting out authorities on some recondite legal question, he felt that he could bid defiance to the largest deputation of azure imps that ever swarmed above the head of a briefless lawyer.

He seldom saw Evelyn, and when, after long intervals, they met, she had no encouragement to offer him in relation to his suit, beyond that of her own steadfast fidelity.

She did not tell him of the persecution to which she was subjected, for this she knew would needlessly augment his unhappiness without relieving hers.

Miss Sitterly was now nearly eighteen years of age, and as the day which marked the fulfillment of that epoch approached, she found herself subjected to new and more importunate solicitations to consent to a marriage with Mr. Blass and to allow the time for that important event to be fixed.

Mrs. Sitterly condescended to add her entreaties to those of her husband and Simon, and she was able to hold out such glittering allurements as she thought could not fail to influence her step-daughter's mind. The father added his peremptory commands, and Blass the fondest blandishments which could emanate from a man whose breath was habitually tainted with the odors of brandy, while poor Evelyn had no one to strengthen her resolutions, or to help her combat the arguments and persuasions which daily beset her.



EVELYN'S MISTAKE.

"You have wealth and position offered you;" said her father; "the prizes which many labor for and sigh after for a life time in vain, you wish to fling away."

It was in vain that Evelyn urged with tears that she did not, and could not, love Mr. Blass; that the disparity in their age was too great, and that even that was the least of her objections to the man. He was, she said, in every way odious to her.

"You will learn to conquer this dislike," her father replied; "the strongest attachments often follow these unreasonable prejudices, and as to the difference of age, it is by no means so considerable as to constitute a serious objection. It is my duty to look after your welfare, Evelyn, and you may be sure that you shall not be allowed to thwart so excellent a plan for your advancement. The sooner you make up your mind to this the better. If you will not name the day for your wedding, we will decide upon it for you. It shall be private if you prefer, but married you must be. This is my decision, and I have the right to enforce it."

The distracted girl did not reply; she scarcely had the opportunity to do so, for Mr. Sitterly left her immediately after this authoritative announcement.

CHAPTER XXI.

During the two succeeding days Evelyn was undisturbed by further allusion to the painful subject, her father remaining quiet in the hourly expectation of her capitulation. On the third day an incident occurred which served to divert the general attention from this to a very different topic.

Evelyn had walked out in the afternoon, chiefly to obtain that refreshment which exercise in the open air gives alike to the languid body and the wearied mind; but she had also some purchases to make, and she went for that purpose into that great and endless bazaar—Broadway.

As she was about to cross that great thoroughfare, her attention was arrested by a very ragged little boy, who, with the stump of a broom in one hand, put out the other towards her, in the accustomed mode of soliciting toll for crossing his well cleaned walk. She hastily dropped some pennies into his hand, carefully avoiding contact with his soiled fingers, and when he looked up to thank her, she started backwards, like one who had received an electric shock, and gazed with a mixture of wonder and sorrow into the face of the surprised boy. She saw before her so strange and striking a resemblance to her lost brother, that her heart was suddenly flooded with fond memories of the dear boy, and then with the more painful recollections of his sad fate, and of her own long and bitter grief.

She looked again, not doubting that her imagination had done much towards filling out the resemblance; but every separate feature, as she perused it, seemed to appeal to her memory with increasing force, until, fairly trembling with the intensity of her emotion, she clung to the iron lamp post for support, and with hurried voice asked the lad his name.

"Edward Weldover, ma'am," was the reply.

His voice, sounding like some long forgotten music, awakened new hopes in her heart, now thrilling with the most tumultuous emotion, and she scarcely heeded at first that the name which he gave was foreign to her ears.

"What did you say?" she asked faintly.

"Edward Weldover, if you please, ma'am."

The great hope which had dawned upon her heart, and which had well nigh overpowered her reason, was momentarily checked by this reply—but as she continued to gaze upon the child and to recall his familiar voice, it returned with unabated intensity.

"Have you any other name?" she said earnestly. "Did you ever have any other name?"

"Oh yes—ma'am—my first name is Herbert."

"Herbert! Herbert! Oh Merciful Father!" exclaimed the young lady in whispered accents, as she raised her tear filled eyes to Heaven. "Help me to bear this load of bliss."

Then stooping to the amazed child she seized his hand and said with choked utterance:

"Another! Another! You have yet another name?"

"Yes—ma'am."

"What is it? Speak quickly! What is your other name?"

"I have forgotten ma'am," replied the boy—now evidently frightened.

"Take time, and think, Herbert; do not be frightened; come now with me to the other side of the walk. Never mind the people; here—here is money for you."

The lad had seemed unwilling to lose his claim upon the many pedestrians who were making the transit over his well swept path—but delighted by the silver which Evelyn now put into his hands, he readily went with her to a more retired spot; while many a passer looked back at the oddly contrasted pair.

"Now, Herbert," said Evelyn eagerly, "tell me quickly, do you not sometimes remember your other name—and how is it that you have two?"

"Oh yes," said the lad. "I used to remember it; but it's a long time since I've thought about it—I believe it's Har—Har—vey or something like that. Why what do *you* know about it?"

No longer able to restrain her great emotion, Evelyn threw her arms around the ragged child and drew him to her in one hasty, fond embrace.

"You are my brother, Herbert," she said, while copious tears flowed down her glowing cheeks, "and yet not my brother. Do you not remember that you once had a sister Evvy?"

"Oh yes—oh yes—a long time ago—oh I have dreamed about her so often. Can you take me to *her?*"

"I—*I* am Evvy, Herbert. Look, look at me—I have grown—I have changed; but I am your sister Evvy."

The boy looked at his soiled and tattered garments—at his muddy broom, and then at the richly attired lady, with an air of great embarrassment, and although his flushed cheeks and now tear-filled eyes told a deep emotion, he did not dare to express it in words.

"I am *poor* now," he said plaintively; "*very poor*—I can't be your brother any more."

"Yes—forever—forever my brother; come—come with me. *She* must at least rejoice to see *you*, and for your sake, perhaps, she will show some kindness to me; come!"

"I can't go with you now, ma'am. I work for *him*, and he's coming this way now to see what keeps me so long. He will be very angry. I must go now."

"No—no—no—I will never part with you again, Herbert. No one has a right to take you from me."

"We'll see about that, my dear," said a sneering voice, as the man whom Herbert had pointed out approached them. "You was goin' to 'tice him off, was you? It don't take more'n one eye to see what *you* are; but you better be off, as there's pleesmen jest around the corner, and I wouldn't like to be callin' on 'em to take care of you—*I* wouldn't."

Horrified by this insulting language, Miss Sitterly lost her presence of mind, and for an instant she contemplated only how she might best escape from it, and from the insolent gaze which was fastened upon her.

But although speechless with alarm and indignation at the rudeness of the stranger, it was only for a moment. No fears for herself could long influence her action at such a time, and flushed with her great joy, and with the fear of again losing Herbert, she boldly resolved that nothing less than force should now separate them.

Already had the boy, in obedience to an order from his assumed master, started to return to his post of labor, but Miss Sitterly determinedly followed. She would not reply to the grossly insulting language of the stranger, nor offer any explanations to him; she had resolved, with the quick instinct of woman, on a better plan.

Hurrying past him, heedless of the vituperation with which he still assailed her, Evelyn kept close to Herbert until he reached the cross-walk at which he had been stationed, where, with only a hasty glance at her, he resumed his labors.

She stood a moment, tremblingly watching the boy and the pedestrians with eager and equal interest, while the man, close at her side, attempted by jeers and ribaldry to drive her away.

"Yer better move on, Marm," he said, "'twon't do you no good to stand here—not this time o'day."

"What's she want uv 'im?" said an apple-peddler, who from his stand at the corner had watched the proceedings, and now came forward.

"Blamed if *I* know; p'r'aps she belongs to a orphan's home, or some sich institushing, and thinks this ere chap a nice one to put inter it. But the boy is apprenticed to me, like, and I takes care of him."

"Is he a orphan?"

"Yes, and I s'pose he's told her on't. She's one of the snivelling kind that goes round asking little boys questions about theirselves and their mammys, and if their daddys drink; and nicely they get sold sometimes, too. Now, Marm, are yer goin' on?"

Evelyn had not heeded the conversation at her side, and this her persecutor saw, or he might have hesitated about representing her in a light so opposite to that in which he had before pretended to view her.

"'Cause if yer aint, yer see there's a crowd gatherin' here, and the perlice 'll want to know the reason. Come, Ned, we'll go, any way; come along, now, quick."

Evelyn, whose eyes had not relaxed their vigilant watching of the passers on the sidewalk longer than was necessary to make sure that Herbert kept within sight, at this opportune moment saw a lady and gentleman walking together, whose appearance gave her confidence that she might appeal successfully to them for aid. She ran to meet them, and said to the lady, in a frightened, hurried way, while her tears flowed freely:

"I have need of assistance; will you—will you stop here a minute?"

"Pray, what is the matter, Miss?" asked the gentleman, who was struck by her pale and agitated look. "We will help you, of course."

"There—there, sir—*stop that man!* he is carrying off my brother; and he shall not—shall not have him."

As Evelyn spoke, she ran after Herbert, who with his hand in that of his assumed master, was already walking rapidly away. She overtook him, and fearlessly flinging her arms around him, shouted with desperation:

"Help! Help! Help!"

The gentleman and lady had followed, and were almost immediately at her side.

"Hands off, there, mem, if *you* please," said Herbert's rude companion, violently wrenching the young lady's arms from the boy.

Evelyn screamed with pain; and the gentleman, who witnessed the act, stepped coolly up and knocked its brutal perpetrator down. He jumped instantly up again, and turned upon his assailant; but a crowd of people had by this time assembled, and with them a few policemen, one of whom collared the ruffian, with the words:

"Now, then, what's all this about?"

"I wish this man arrested for an assault and battery upon a lady, and perhaps for a more serious offence," said the gentleman, handing his card to the officers. "I will appear against him."

"All right, sir."

"And I wish *that* man arrested, for salt and batter on *me*, and knocking on me down, which everybody here see him do it. Now, then, what do you say to that?"

"Served you right," replied the officer, proceeding to march off with his prisoner.

"But, stop a minute; it's all about that air boy! A little, ragged chap, what I picked up in the street, and hired to work for me. She can take the boy, and we'll call it square—only you let me go. I haint done nothing."

Evelyn had stood holding tightly to Herbert's hand, and waiting the issue of events; and her benefactor now turned to her and said:

"It shall be just as *you* say, Miss, about this man's arrest; but what is it about the boy? Surely he is not your brother?"

"Indeed he is, sir," exclaimed Miss Sitterly, sobbing in the attempt to speak; "he was stolen from home more than four years ago, and where he has been and what he has suffered all this time, Heaven only knows. I met him here today by accident, or rather," she added, looking upwards, "by God's kind providence. In this beggar's dress he was sweeping the cross-walk, and he asked me for a penny. Oh, Herbert, Herbert, my dear brother!" she exclaimed, passionately throwing her arms around the ragged boy again, and pressing his soiled garments against her rich dress, "is it really *you?*"

Evelyn was quite unconscious for the moment that she was in a public place, and was observed by many strangers—so very great was her excitement, and so sudden and dream-like had been the startling events of the last few minutes.

"Well, then, what I have to say," interposed one of the policemen, whose hand was on his prisoner's shoulder, "is that this ere chap should be tooken up; the lady may let him off for salt-in *her*, but then there's the kidnappin—that's another matter. We haint no right to let him go."

"Keep him in custody, at all events, until there is time to inquire into the matter. I will appear against him in the morning. You know me, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, I think I ought to—oh, yes, sir—come along, my man."

With many protestations and some threats, the prisoner submitted to his destiny; and the stranger, who had given his name as Malden, turned to another policeman (for there were about a dozen of them by this time among the momentarily increasing crowd), and requested him to call a carriage.

When it came, the two ladies, the boy and himself got in and drove off, leaving an excited crowd discussing the affair with about as great diversity of opinion as to what had taken place as usually prevails in impromptu assemblages of the kind.

Evelyn had given Mr. Malden her father's address, and the hackman had been instructed to drive directly there; but as the distance was not great, she had scarcely time to compose her feelings sufficiently to express her thanks to the strangers who had placed her under such great obligations.

Mr. Malden and his lady declined Evelyn's invitation to accompany her into the house and receive the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly for their kindness, the lady suggesting that the interview between the parents and their recovered child would be too sacred to be witnessed by strangers.

CHAPTER XXII.

What language shall describe the emotions with which Evelyn Sitterly approached the door of her father's house, leading by the hand the lost boy, for whom the symbols of mourning had long been worn by his relatives, and had even been long ago laid aside!

It did not occur to her, until she was about to ring the door bell, that she ought not thus abruptly to introduce into the presence of Mrs. Sitterly one, who, if recognized at all, would seem to her like one risen from the dead. She measured her step-mother's probable emotions by the intensity of her own, and fearing the shock which the sudden meeting might occasion her, she resolved to prevent it until she could, in some way, prepare her for the extraordinary interview.

There was another embarrassment attendant upon her position, arising from the painful attitude in which she stood towards her offended parents, and from the fear that, to one of them at least, the news of Herbert's return would be by no means a welcome piece of intelligence.

The servant whose province it was to answer the summons of the door-bell was a woman who had lived in the family many years—and who Evelyn believed, would instantly recognize him, and by her outcry would defeat any attempt at smuggling him in, to be kept *perdu* until after the tidings could be gradually revealed to the mother.

In this painful state of mind, Miss Sitterly, yet suffering from her recent terrible excitement, stood for a few minutes, and then rapidly descended the steps, not leading her brother by the hand, but bidding him follow her at a little distance.

She would have taken him directly to Mrs. Binney, but to this course the same objections existed which had deterred her from entering her step-mother's house, and with even greater force, for Aunt Ally was in a feeble state of health, and had become exceedingly nervous. Without due reflection the distressed girl decided upon a course, which, in calmer moments, she would probably not have dared to adopt.

Mr. Lynde had an aunt living in the next street to, and but a few blocks distant from the Seminary which Evelyn formerly attended.

Seth's frequent and dutiful attentions to this relative, had been a matter of agreeable surprise to her for a long time, for Mrs. Gale knew nothing of any other attractions which had drawn him towards the academic shades. Nor did Evelyn know anything else of Mrs. Gale excepting the simple fact that she lived in a certain house which Mr. Lynde had pointed out to her, and that she was his mother's sister. She had never seen her; yet she resolved to go to her with Herbert for the simple reason that she did not know where else to go. She did not dare to take the ragged boy to any of the aristocratic friends of her parents; but this lady lived in a small, plain house quite out of the charmed circle of fashion. She judged her by her residence, and, perhaps, by her nephew. She thought it could do no harm; it would only be for an hour or two; she would not meet Seth; and her friends would never know anything about it. If she did wrong (I rather think she did), her great state of agitation must be her excuse.

They crossed the park on their way to this refuge—and Evelyn stopped near the fountain for her little follower to come up.

Her mind was yet harassed with the thought that she might *possibly* be mistaken; her bliss seemed too great for reality, and she constantly required to refresh her faith by looking upon Herbert's sweet face and hearing his familiar voice.

With difficulty refraining from again embracing the child—she stooped towards him and said:

"Do not you remember this place, Herbert? Look around here."

But the child's eyes were fixed upon Evelyn—they were streaming with tears; and he did not look upon the green or the fountain.

"*You are Evvy!*" he said, "I remember it all; that used to be our house, where we just stopped—this way you used to go to school—but *I—I* am not your brother now."

"Yes—yes—yes, Herbert, why do you say so?"

"I don't belong *there* now; I have no home unless I can find Mrs. Weldover; I am very poor, and I must work."

Overcome with emotion Evelyn did not trust herself to reply in that public place but only said:

"Come on! Come on!"

"There was some one else," added the boy, looking back in a thoughtful way, as they passed out of the park, "some one else."

"What do you mean?"

"She used to be *there!* She used to give me cakes and apples, and tell me stories about fairies and giants—oh, it was very, very long ago."

"Come on! Come on!"

They reached the block in which Mrs. Gale lived, and Evelyn, after passing a series of houses of uniform exterior, stopped in front of one near the centre of the row, and then with some trepidation, ran up the steps.

Entirely ignorant as to what kind of a lady she was to meet, or what reception she might expect, she hastily rang the bell and was admitted. The name of Mr. Lynde's aunt, unfortunately, had suddenly forsaken her memory, but she inquired for the lady of the house, and then, with some anxiety, awaited her appearance. Somewhat to her disappointment, a prim, and rather sour-looking middle-aged woman entered the room, whose forbidding aspect almost caused her to retreat without attempting to explain the cause of her visit. There was such manifest surprise expressed in her countenance, such rows of interrogation marks all over her perturbed features as she gazed first at the fine lady and then at the ragged boy who stood dangling his cap beside her, that Miss Sitterly found it difficult to speak. But it would not do to recede.

Scarcely knowing what she said, Evelyn introduced herself.

"My name is Sitterly, Madam; Evelyn Sitterly. I am a not distant neighbor of yours."

"I have heard of the family."

"This little boy," here Evelyn impulsively

stopped to kiss Herbert again, and then, with her hand upon his head, she went on, warmed by excitement into forgetfulness of her fears as to Mrs. Gale's sympathy or assistance: "This little boy is my brother, ma'am, or rather he is my father's step-son, and he is as dear to me as a brother."

"Yes," was the curt reply, with a look which said, as plainly as look could say: "I do not see how I am interested in this."

"He has been lost for years—we believed him dead; and I have just found him."

"Oh, indeed!" was the calm reply. "Why don't you take him home?"

Vexed at the woman's want of feeling Evelyn hastily explained her reasons for not taking the child directly home, and was met by the equally business like question:

"Why did you bring him here?"

The young lady hesitated, but after a short pause, added.

"I felt almost as if you were an acquaintance of ours, Ma'am, your nephew has so often spoken of you, and I thought I might take the liberty——"

"Oh, my nephew!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Evelyn, who could not force her lips to pronounce her lover's name.

"It's very strange!—I don't know. As to my nephew, I must say I know no good of *him*; nor does any body else, I guess. If he is a friend of yours, I guess it's no particular credit to you, and as to this ere boy——"

Evelyn had risen, shocked at this extraordinary language about Seth, from a lady of whom he had so often spoken in terms of affection, and without giving her time to conclude her remarks she said, in new distress:

"Come, Herbert, this is no place for us——"

"The boy might have cleaned his shoes before he came in," said the woman, snappishly "He has not improved my carpets."

Evelyn's eyes flashed with wrath now; and taking out her purse, she said.

"If Mrs. Gale will be kind enough to tell me the amount of injury done to the carpets, I will remunerate her."

"Mrs. *Gale*, did you say?"

"Yes—that is your name, I believe," said Evelyn, who at last had remembered the name of Seth's aunt.

"Oh, no—not at all."

"Not Gale? Your name not Gale?"

"No, Miss—my name is Wottles—Mrs. Gale lives in the next house."

"I beg your pardon, then; it is a mistake all around, and you were not speaking of Mr. Lynde, of course."

"I know nothing of Mr Lynde."

"I beg your pardon," added Evelyn, very greatly relieved, and putting up her purse. "I am sorry about the carpet—I was so excited I did not notice that Herbert's shoes were soiled. Pray excuse me."

The sour woman nodded what might be meant for an affirmative response, and Miss Sitterly gladly made her exit.

"I remember now; it was No 57" she said to Herbert. "but these houses are so provokingly alike."

No sooner had she entered Mrs. Gale's parlors than the cheerful aspect of everything around her contrasting so strongly with the cold, clean, sombre appearance of the rooms she had just left, convinced her that she should find a presiding spirit here very different from that which ruled at No. 55.

Mrs. Gale came. She was a tall, spare lady of fifty, with a spry, girlish step, and a look of the utmost benignity lighting up a thin, cadaverous face, which had once been beautiful.

There was a smile on her face and a pleased twinkle in her black eyes, as she approached Evelyn, and said:

"Did you wish to see *me?*"

"Yes, ma'am—this is Mrs. Gale, I believe?"

She was determined to be sure this time.

"Yes, that is my name."

Evelyn proceeded to tell her story—but she had progressed but a little way before she was interrupted.

"Lost! Found! Your brother! You have just found him, do you say—after so many years?"

"Within this hour."

"Dear! Dear! Is it possible? Why, the poor little fellow! Why, my poor child! And you, Miss Sitterly—how dreadfully you must have suffered, and how very happy you must be," and in a few minutes the two ladies were crying together, while Evelyn was trying, in broken sentences, to tell the remainder of her exciting story.

Mrs. Gale did not ask why Evelyn had brought the boy to her, but the young lady considered it proper to say something on that point.

"You will think it strange," she said, "that I first came to you with him—an entire stranger——"

"Oh, no—I am so glad you did; won't he have something to eat? or won't you? or what—what can I do for you?"

"You are very kind; I was about to explain. As I have said, I thought it necessary to prepare Mrs. Sitterly for this meeting——"

"Oh, she will die with joy! I am really afraid she will."

"And we had no near neighbors to whom I felt at liberty to go——"

"Don't say a word about it; you did perfectly right to come here; I am so glad you did."

"I thank you, Mrs. Gale, with my whole heart, and yet, as you were an entire stranger to me——"

"Oh, that don't make any difference——"

"I was going to say——"

"It's of no consequence, Miss Sitterly—not the least."

"That my excuse for coming to you——"

"No excuse, my dear—don't make any excuse."

Poor Evelyn could scarcely get a chance to say how she came to know there was such a person as Mrs. Gale; but when at last she managed to mention the name of Mr. Lynde, the delight of her companion knew no bounds.

"What—Seth Lynde! Do you know our Seth? Now isn't this strange? How delighted he will be! I am sure! And now I *do* remember of his telling me, several years ago, about a lost child of some acquaintance of his—but no—that could not have been this case, for it turned out that the child was killed by something falling on him off a scaffolding—I've often thought about it."

"Oh, yes, that was what they said of Herbert, and it is what his parents believe now, Mrs. Gale; it's the same case."

"Is it possible? They will die with joy. Oh, I really am afraid Mrs. Sitterly will die on the spot when you tell her."

"Do you think so?" asked Evelyn, thoughtfully

"I am sure I should. But you must break it to her very gradually. Tell her first there is a rumor of the boy being alive and safe—but that you don't believe it. Something like that—hey?"

"Perhaps."

"Seth could do it. He is a lawyer, you know. I wish you would let me send for him. He is so good and sensible. Do let me send for him."

"Not now, if you please," said Evelyn, with an alarmed air; "not till I am gone."

A cloud came over the countenance of the good woman.

"And even then I think it will not do to send him on this errand. No, I must do it myself."

"Well, be very careful, my dear; and be sure to have a physician at hand, and restoratives, before you breathe a whisper on the subject. She may guess the whole truth at the first hint you give."

Evelyn did not promise full compliance with these injunctions, but she said she would be very careful.

Mrs. Gale, with many apologies for neglect, now proceeded to give orders for some refreshments, for she said it was impossible to tell how long it might be since the poor child had eaten. He certainly had a very hungry and weary look; and on being questioned, he said he had breakfasted on a single slice of bread at six o'clock, and had eaten nothing but an apple since; and as it was now about three in the afternoon, and he had been all day in the open air, his appetite would probably not require coaxing.

Mrs. Gale had but just dined, and a good meal was very quickly ready for the child, who fairly shouted with joy at the sight of it—and fell to eating with the voraciousness of some wild animal, while his friends watched him, and checked him, and signalled each other with tears in their eyes, tears of retrospective compassion, but of present pure and heartfelt joy.

When the meal was finished, Herbert was quite changed in countenance; and Evelyn began to imagine how very handsome and natural he would look, as soon as he could be made quite clean, and be properly and neatly dressed

"And now," she said, "I must hasten home, and begin my delicate mission, for my unusual absence must already have caused surprise. Probably in an hour or less I shall come for him. Oh, I am so agitated; I do not know how I shall get through it."

"I see that you are very greatly excited, my dear, and if you would like to have me accompany you, I shall feel it a duty to do so."

"No—I believe it will be better for me to go alone; besides, I could trust *him* with no one but you."

"Dear little fellow! I will have him washed and made as tidy as possible before your return; he would like to be nice and clean, I know, before he sees his parents."

"You are very good; it was what I was wishing for, and did not dare to ask. If there was time, I would go out and get him some decent clothes before they see him; but that cannot be."

"Perhaps I have something that will fit him. We shall see. Go now and leave him to me."

Evelyn, after kissing Herbert once more, and bidding him good-bye, instinctively turned and kissed her new friend, whose genial kindness had awakened in her heart the warmth of a sudden but enduring affection.

She departed, and Mrs. Gale proceeded hastily to disrobe and wash her little guest, and prepare him for the interesting interview which awaited him.

She had not told Evelyn, for she never unnecessarily obtruded her sorrows on others, that she had many years before lost a little son, and that it was from his treasured wardrobe, long held sacred, that she now purposed to supply the means of properly apparelling Herbert.

Tearfully did she unlock the receptacle of her child's garments, and as the familiar clothes met her gaze, she raised them one by one with some such tenderness and care as that with which we lift the veil from the still features of the dead.

But Mrs. Gale was a cheerful, Christian woman; she brushed away her tears, and conquered her repugnance to what seemed a desecration, by reflecting that it was an evident duty.

When she had fully resolved upon it, she was delighted to find that she had everything which could be wanted for Herbert, and that almost everything fitted him nearly as well as could be desired.

The transformation of the little street-sweeper to a little gentleman was very thorough and very striking, and when her labors were completed, she could not refrain from admiration of the beautiful boy upon whom they had been bestowed.

Leaving her to glean, by many questions, as much of the child's strange adventures as he could remember, let us accompany Evelyn to her home, and witness the reception of her astonishing tidings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Sitterly had been latterly in unusually good spirits. In society she always maintained an air of happiness, often of joviality; for society was a source of inspiration to her. She became almost handsome and intellectual under its inspiriting influences, and she received the tribute of admiration and flattery which it always freely accorded to her, with the air of a queen who never had reason to doubt the loyalty of her subjects. Her power had increased with her augmented wealth, and however she might seek to ignore the fact, she well knew that she was indebted for most of her influence to the bereavement which devolved the great Harlow estate, as an entirety, upon her already gold-burdened shoulders.

But even in the home circle, where depression of spirits and acridity of temper too often marked her deportment, the great lady had recently been more mild and cheerful.

She had been long free from the visits of her mysterious enemy; her plans for the marriage of Evelyn to Mr. Blass, she believed, promised a sure though tardy fulfillment, and there was none to cross or thwart her lightest wishes or her highest hopes. Why should she not be happy?

When Evelyn reached home, Mrs. Sitterly was in her own apartment, where her daughter never ventured to intrude, unless under circumstances of great urgency; and she could not now do so consistently with her design of only indirectly introducing the important topic with which her mind was engrossed.

She knew that her stepmother was accustomed to spend an hour or two immediately preceding dinner in the parlor, and there she accordingly awaited her, occupied, or trying to be, with a book.

When Mrs. Sitterly descended, her attention was at once arrested by this unusual circumstance, for Evelyn was not accustomed to be in the parlor at that hour, when she would be pretty certain to meet, not only both her parents, but very often guests who were invited to dinner.

The stepmother, however, considered it a sign of returning loyalty, and hoping that her daughter was prepared to make some concessions in relation to the proposed marriage, she addressed her with an affability so unusual, as at once to suggest to Evelyn the probable cause of her condescension.

Desirous to dispel any such illusion, Miss Sitterly, after all her resolutions, entered a little abruptly upon her exciting topic.

"Mother!" she said, in a voice the changed intonation of which at once arrested the other's attention, "does it never seem possible to you that we may all be deceived about Herbert's death, and that he may even yet be living?"

Mrs. Sitterly turned very pale, and replied quickly:

"Why, Evelyn! what a question Most certainly not! How strange it is of you to ask such a thing!"

She looked inquiringly and anxiously at Evelyn, as she said this, as if rather afraid than desirous to hear more.

"It seems possible to me," was the reply. "I often dream of his being alive, and there certainly were never any very positive proofs of his death."

Mrs. Sitterly seemed greatly relieved when her step-daughter spoke of dreams as authority for her surmises, and she quickly rejoined:

"You are a strange girl. The proofs *were* positive, and uncontradicted. They were held amply sufficient in law to establish the fact, and there is no reason for doubting them."

"Bridget was the only witness."

"The only direct witness, yes. But there were corroborative facts. Besides, if he had been living, why should he not have returned, or been found, when we took such active measures to regain him? No one was interested in keeping him from us. Pray, let me hear no more of these absurd ideas. You must have a very faint appreciation of a mother's feelings."

Mrs. Sitterly started to leave the room, but again she was arrested by the voice of her step-daughter:

"*Mother!*"

She turned, and Evelyn, although paler than the marble mantel near which she sat, yet spoke smilingly and cheerfully:

"You must excuse me, mother, for clinging to this 'absurd' hope. I have some reasons for believing in the *possibility* of Herbert's being yet alive."

"What—*what* do you mean, Evelyn?" replied the mother, coming close to Miss Sitterly, and laying her hand upon her arm; "your looks say more than your words! If you have anything to tell, speak it! if not, do not trifle with feelings which ought to be sacred. Do not fear that I shall yield any childish credence to your story, whatever it is. *I know that Herbert is dead.*"

"You do *not*, mother; and *I*—I *believe* that he is living."

Mrs. Sitterly drew her golden vinaigrette from her pocket, and after smelling repeatedly at it, she said, in a hoarse voice, half satirical, half defiant:

"Go on! say all that you have to say! Fear nothing, as you care nothing for me!"

Convinced now, more than ever, of the hardness, aye, the very ossification of this worldly woman's heart; assured that she dreaded, rather than hoped, to hear of her son's being yet alive, Evelyn was about to say that she had seen Herbert, that she had talked with him, that she had him now in her keeping and under her control. But the wild and excited expression of Mrs. Sitterly's countenance deterred her; she dreaded the immediate effect of such news, if unwelcome, almost as much as if it were to be the cause of an overpowering delight.

"You do not speak!" continued the mother, "you have only conjecture and belief to offer. I will take care that you never harrow my feelings thus again."

"Be calm, mother; *I have more than this!* But let me wait until pa comes—it is almost his time."

"No, no; wait for nothing—*nothing!*"

"At least let me ring for Mary. You are excited and ill."

"Ring, then. Ring for all of them, if you choose that they should hear your folly, but do not keep me waiting."

Evelyn summoned Mrs. Sitterly's maid, who was quickly in the room, and seeing her mistress's excited looks, she hastily inquired what was the matter, and what she could do for her.

"Nothing, Mary. Stand there and be a witness of what this girl has to say. *Speak now!*"

It was a voice of command, and Evelyn, thus adjured, replied solemnly:

"*I say, then, that Herbert Harlow is alive! that I have seen him this day! that I have conversed with him, and can bring him to you in a few minutes!*"

No expression of joy or hope brightened the face of the eager listener at this assertion. But the pallor of fear and the flush of wrath came and went during the momentary interval of silence which followed Evelyn's startling declaration.

"I know not," she said at length, with an actual smile, yet a smile so forced and frightful as to better deserve almost any other name; "I know not, Evelyn, whether to think that your mind has become weakened by long and excessive grief for this boy, and has thus been easily deluded by some fancied resemblance, or whether to believe something far worse than *this*. Great estates, we all know, are always liable to plots for establishing false heirs, and although I would not like to suspect *you*——"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Evelyn, now thrilled with amazement and horror, and speaking rather to herself than to her companions. "*Plots! Estates! False heirs!* I bring to this *mother* tidings of the recovery of an only son, long lost, and she talks to me of *plots!* I come to her expecting to be overwhelmed with gratitude, and I am accused of *crime*."

"I do not accuse you, Evelyn," said Mrs. Sitterly, with quite a magnanimous air; "you have probably been duped, either by your own imagination or by designing parties. *Herbert is dead.*"

"*Herbert is living!*" repeated Evelyn, with such violent emphasis as to bring the startled mother to her feet, while the frightened maid retreated several steps from her position by the young lady's side.

"I have *seen* him, *handled* him, *kissed* him fifty times this day."

Before any could reply the outer door was heard to open and close, the parlor door opened and Mr. Sitterly and Simon Blass entered the room.

The *tableau* presented to their view, on entering, caused them to stop and look wonderingly on. Miss Sitterly, with flushed cheeks, stood panting with excitement, while her mother, more pale and haggard than either gentleman remembered ever to have seen her before, was also standing, yet in a visible tremor of body, which added greatly to the signs of her agitation.

"*He's escaped!* He's been here again, hey?" said Blass, who could imagine but one cause for such distress.

Mrs. Sitterly shook her head.

"Pray, what *is* the matter, my dear?" said the husband. "Here is certainly a quarrel or something; Evelyn, my child, I hope you have not been—a—giving offence."

"Evelyn is crazed," answered Mrs. Sitterly, hoarsely, "and you have come in good time to look after her. She comes to me with a story that *Herbert is living*, and that she has him stowed away somewhere, and ready to be produced."

The two gentlemen gave a simultaneous start of surprise, and a close observer would not have failed to discover an expression of alarm in the face of each—most certainly in that of the husband. The enamored lawyer was partly engrossed in watching the new phase of beauty which strong excitement had developed in the features of Evelyn.

"*Herbert?*" repeated Mr. Sitterly: "*your son Herbert? Living?*"

"Yes, that is her story."

"She *must* be crazy indeed; she has thought too much of that boy; it has been enough to turn her mind."

"That is just what I have told her."

"Father!——"

"She has often told me," continued Sitterly, "that she could not feel sure that he was dead."

"A clear case of *monomania*," said the lawyer; "she needs medical treatment."

"I certainly think she does," said Mrs. Sitterly.

"And a straight-jacket!" added Evelyn. "Why not add that? I have brought unwelcome news, and I am *mad!*"

"Hush, child," replied her father; "you are deluded—not mad. There can be no doubt that you are laboring under a great mistake; for the evidence of the boy's death was full and satisfactory."

"I see that it was *satisfactory*," said Evelyn; "yet it——"

"I mean conclusive," rejoined Mr. Sitterly.

"The proof was perfectly legal," added Blass, with a judicial air; "and the time for appeal has long gone by. No rehearing can be had. The boy is dead!"

Evelyn, overcome by the astounding course which events had taken, driven even momentarily to fear the possibility of being mistaken in her convictions, sat down and wept, sobbing violently and convulsively.

Sitterly meanwhile ventured to inquire of his wife, in a low voice, what particulars she had stated about finding the boy, and where he now was.

"I have not asked. Is it worth while to inquire? Is it not better to give your attention to *her?*"

But Evelyn heard.

"I can tell you all, if you will hear," she said, quickly; "I found him in degradation and misery, clothed in rags, and pinched with famine! I found him sweeping a public cross-walk; he put out his little dirt-stained hands to me for charity; his sweet blue eyes were raised to mine, his well-remembered voice pierced my ear! and now! and now! Oh, God! that he should be *denied! denied by his own mother!* That no one is even willing to see him, and judge if my story is true!"

Sobs choked and impeded her utterance, and she again buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Sitterly turned away her head; Frederick looked restlessly at Blass, and the lawyer, taking a pinch of snuff, said:

"There's evidently a strong hallucination here; she must be cared for first: but it will do no harm to see this boy."

"Not without me!" exclaimed Miss Sitterly, who began to fear she knew not what of evil. "If you will not own him, *I will*. I will protect him, and work for him, if I have to take his place in sweeping the public streets."

"Evelyn, do you know what you are saying?" asked her father.

"I do! I do! I have *some* rights!—I will not be trampled on! I will go forth from this house with Herbert by the hand, if we have to beg our living. If you do not claim him, no one else can. He is mine, and I will never desert him."

The father was about to reply, when Blass made a sign to him to keep still.

"She does not wish us to see the boy without *her*," said Mrs. Sitterly, in a voice which did not reach the weeping girl. "That looks suspicious."

"Where is this boy, Miss Sitterly," asked Blass, mildly.

"He is at Mrs. Gale's, in —— street," was the quick, hopeful reply.

"Mrs. Gale's!" repeated Simon; "ah—yes!"

"Who is Mrs. Gale?" asked the husband and wife, in a breath.

"Miss Sitterly must bear me witness," replied the lawyer, with an air of much importance, "that I insinuate nothing against her, beyond the fear that she has been greatly deceived. But I must tell her worthy parents what I well know, that Mrs. Gale is the aunt of a very astute and ingenious young lawyer by the name of *Seth Lynde!*"

"Ah—h—h!" exclaimed Mr. Sitterly; "I see! I see it all now!"

"Oh, yes indeed!" exclaimed the lady, who was really greatly relieved. "*And so do I!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A GOOD MATCH.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

My aunt was determined that I should "make a good match," and in pursuance of her determination she married me to a Mexican, Don Pedro Alderez by name, who was reputed to be a Hidalgo of prodigious wealth. He was the lion at Saratoga, where we first met him. He wore diamonds enough for a prince's ransom, and his letters of credit were said to be unlimited as to amount. What more could a heartless, match-making aunt desire? She informed me that "her mind was made up," the day we returned to New York.

Six months later I was the wife of Don Pedro Alderez, and had accompanied him to his native country. To my surprise, after spending a few days in each of several luxurious cities, including the capital, Don Pedro had conveyed me to a lonely hacienda, situated on the broad, wild slope that stretches inland toward the mountain regions. This was a cattle farm, he told me, a part of his possessions, and as the air was most salubrious, he had chosen it for a temporary residence, until some necessary repairs could be made upon his ancestral palace, to fit it for my abode.

I made no objections to this plan, lonely and monotonous as was my life here, for the truth was that the little similitude of love I had ever felt for my husband, had ere this been lost in the intense but mysterious fear with which he inspired me. No thought of disputing his will entered my mind, and life seemed but a sheer, dead monotony of self-sacrifice, as it stretched forward from my eighteenth birth-day which had just passed.

But as the weeks grew into months, I began to wonder, and at length questioned why we did not remove from the rude hacienda to the palace, which I had not yet seen. My only answer was a slow lifting of the fringed eyelids, and one of those lurid, baleful glances, that always froze me dumb with terror. Never again did I allude to the home in which I had expected to dwell in princely splendor. Nor did I ever behold it.

I was much alone in the hacienda. I had no books, no newspapers, no letters, for we were far from towns, and few chance travellers ever visited us, so that I was deprived of all society, save that of my native and half-breed servants, a dirty, ignorant, squalid set, sunk in the lowest depths of social degradation. My husband would mount his horse and ride away over the plain, and often days would elapse before his return, and then he would sometimes appear followed by a numerous retinue, of travellers, as he informed me, whom he would feast in that distant portion of the straggling hacienda set apart as the dwelling place of his retainers, whence the loud discordance of their revelry would make the night hideous to my ears.

One day, when he was absent, two travellers stopped at the door of this building, and asked for food. I saw them as they arrived, and something familiar in their air and gait attracted my attention. The servants, who seemed to know them well, set food before them, which presently I saw them eating in the open air, within the court. As I looked, memory strengthened, and I knew them for a couple of vile fellows who had annoyed me at Saratoga two years before, and with whom I had there seen Don Pedro conversing.

They loitered about all day, waiting, as I learned, for my husband's return. At nightfall he came, and held a long conversation with them, even before he came to greet me. As the moon rose, they gallopped out of the court, mounted on two of my husband's best horses, and struck straight across the plain.

I saw my husband watching me, as if to detect my knowledge of these visitors. But I had long ceased to question him, he seemed satisfied with my silence, and no allusion was made to the strange guests.

All the following day my husband loitered about the place, moody and sullen, and evidently brooding over bitter thoughts. Some crisis in my fate, I felt, drew nigh. My suspicions, long active but vague, now rested on the fact of his fellowship with these prowling villains who had just left us. Were they either his tools or his accomplices, that mysterious fellowship was sufficient to brand him with crime, though of what nature I dared not hazard a guess. I knew myself powerless, yet I had never so longed for escape.

At midnight the tramp of horses and jingling of spurs was heard, and amidst the furious yelping of dogs, a party rode into the court. My husband rose, and went out to meet his guests. Loud voices were heard, among which I readily detected some peculiar tones of one of our visitors of the previous day. My husband soon returned, and when silence reigned again, slept profoundly. As for me, the conviction, for which I could give no reason, that some great event awaited me, kept me sleepless till morning broke.

My breakfast was brought me in my room, and afterward, when I would have gone forth, I found myself a prisoner, the door being locked on the outside. I remained thus all day, seeing no one but the servant who brought me my meals. Night fell, my husband did not present himself, but his voice, mingling with the revels of our guests, told me that he had not left home. Midnight passed, and all sounds were hushed, save those of insect or reptile life in the near chaparral.

I could not sleep, and wrapped securely in a dark shawl, I sat at my window, behind the sheltering jalousies, and gazed out upon the wondrous beauty of the night. I had sat thus perhaps an hour, when the low tones of voices near me attracted my attention. In one I detected the tones of my husband, the other was a woman's voice, unfamiliar to my ear, and hoarse, it seemed, as if the speaker struggled to repress some profound emotion.

"Why did you come?" I heard my husband ask. "I bade you not, and if Josefa should learn of this visit, she would prove troublesome, I doubt not, patient and subdued as she seems."

"So you have crushed the white bird's fluttering heart, have you, Pedro?" the woman answered. "You know well how to perform that brave feat."

"Ha, ha! Well said. But your's was never crushed, my proud Anita. You will go at noon, will you not?"

"Oh no, I must remain one day more. I have come so far, and waited so long to see you."

"But, Josefa——"

"Oh, I pity her! I must stay, but I pity her!"

"You need not. I tire of the puny, pale, spiritless creature. She'll die some day, or, discovering something, will suddenly disappear, and then I will come back to you."

"You surely never would do that—kill that innocent creature, whom you have lured away from friends and home. What! stain that pearly skin with her own life blood!"

"Ha, ha! I've plunged my dagger to the hilt in bosoms snowier than her's! Who ever stood in my way, whom I wished removed? But hist! Yonder is her window—speak lower——" and they moved on, while I, sick with horror, crawled to my couch, to lie and think shudderingly of what I had heard.

"Hist! Hist!" There surely was a sound at my window, and now my name was whispered.

I rose and approached the lattice. A note was pushed through the open jalousies, and a dark figure glided away. It turned at a little distance, and the moon's rays fell on an uplifted face. It was the face of a Cuban lady, *whom also I had seen at Saratoga, about the same time that I first encountered there the two villains to whom I have referred.*

The morning dawned, and I read my note, which I had held tight-clasped to my bosom till then.

"I am a woman, like yourself," it said, "and once I was as innocent. But now I am guilty, and would risk much to win him back, who made me so—he whom you call husband. Trust me, and I will aid you to escape from this den of robbers, and send you safely to your friends. To-morrow, at mid-night, be ready."

Something, I know not what, bade me trust in her who had written this. I destroyed the little note, and then, with a deep feeling of relief, I fell asleep, not to wake until the hour of noon approached.

How the hours dragged on, in their interminable length! I had learned that my husband was absent, and I feared no interruption when, at length, long after nightfall, I commenced my preparations. I gathered up a few necessaries of clothing, with such money and valuables as could be easily secreted about my person, and then sat down to wait.

Promptly at midnight my door swung silently open. I followed the dark figure that stood without. We emerged into the open air, and skirted the chaparral that hid us from the buildings, until we came to a spot where horses were tied. A man rose, and silently assisted us to mount, and in the deep stillness of the night we sped with arrow-like swiftness across the plain.

Poor, lost Anita treated me with all an elder sister's kindness; my trust was fully justified. In three days we reached a seaport. A vessel was ready to sail for New York. Anita and her companion accompanied me on board. An hour later I was swiftly careering onward toward my early home.

On my twentieth birth-day I landed in New York. I had been a little more than two years absent, but when I drove to my aunt's she did not recognize in the pale, gray woman, with locks thickly streaked with silver, who stood before her, the blooming niece whom she had so lately consigned to a fate almost worse than death. I am twenty-five now, but I look as if fifty years had shed their snows upon me. I am dying, they tell me, but death comes very slowly to one who longs, like me, only for its peace and rest.

The man to whom my aunt married me is a notorious robber-chief. He was caught last year, but escaped from his prison, to be again a terror and dread to all the land. Since then, however, I hear no tidings of his deeds or fate.

THE shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music—there are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are those of the purest pleasure.

THE GIPSY I CAUGHT IN THAT GREEN COUNTRY LANE.

[A Scrap from the Private Drawer of a Newspaper Politician.]

BY G. B. WALLIS.

From the shades of Mount Vernon, if westward you go,
O'er the hills of Old Fairfax, two hours or so,
At a quick-footed pace, you may rein up your steed
In front of the cottage of Colonel John Reid.
And of its attractions, I say, not the least
Is its open verandah which looks to the East,
From which, between fields of luxuriant grain,
You pass to "the woods," through a country lane.

My beautiful gipsy. One day in July,
A brisk thunder shower had sweeten'd the sky,
And the few lingering clouds, in the magical glow
Of the sun, shone as dazzling as billows of snow.
And in the bland air of that day's soft decline,
The dove sang his love in the forest, and mine,
My shepherdess fair, in her sunbonnet plain,
The gipsy I caught in that green country lane.

Forth from the old homestead, the hazel-eyed maid
Had come, as a young rustic beauty arrayed,
Not enclosed in a cage of steel, bamboo or brass,
In which all forms appear of the same shapeless class;
But in a sunbonnet, and plain rustic gown,
Her lovely arms free, and her curls flowing down,
Picking berries, (her pilot the thoughtful Aunt Jane,)
In the skirt of the wood, at the end of the lane.

At the end of the lane, on the verge of the wood,
Alarmed at a traveller's intrusion, she stood
A moment in doubt, and then turned, as in haste,
To fly; but ah! why, when so kindly embraced?
And that simple sunbonnet, which shaded her face,
Threw only in finer relief, every grace
Of her welcoming blushes. How could he refrain
From kissing the gipsy he caught in the lane?

In youth, health, and innocence, blooming and bright,
She stood—a fair vision of beauty and light.
And her voice—it was sweeter than that of the dove
Still in the tree singing the song of his love;
And a glimpse of her bosom transcended the glow
Of the clouds, which were dazzling as billows of snow,
And my life there was given in her hands to remain,
Till that vision shall cease to illumine my brain
Of the gipsy I caught in that green country lane.

BATTLE OF SANDY CREEK.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Among the historical events of our last war with England, I am not aware that any record has ever been made of the *Battle of Sandy Creek*, although that affair is fresh in the memory of the older residents of the vicinity.

It was from the lips of persons still living, and who participated in the fight, that I gathered the account of it I give below.

Sandy Creek is formed by two beautiful streams—the North Sandy and the South Sandy. These rising in the western part of Lewis County, run through the southwestern corner of Jefferson County, in the State of New York, and uniting two miles from their mouth, empty into Lake Ontario, about twenty miles south of Sackett's Harbor.

After the capture, by the Americans, of Toronto, then called Little York, and while our troops were preparing to embark from that place, on the expedition against Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara, the British at Kingston, Upper Canada, having gained intelligence of the unprotected situation of Sackett's Harbor, determined to make a sudden and unexpected attack upon that town.

The reduction of this post was of the utmost importance to the enemy, as it was our only naval depot on Lake Ontario, and the chief one on the line of the Great Lakes; for the gallant Perry had just commenced that of Lake Erie, at the little town of Erie.

At Sackett's Harbor had been collected valuable military stores; and vessels of war, destined for service on the Lake, were in process of construction—some already afloat, and others still on the stocks.

On the evening of the 27th of May, 1813—the same day on which Fort George was captured—the English made their appearance off the entrance of the Harbor. The fleet was under the command of Sir James Yeo; while the landing of the troops, and the attack upon the town, was directed by Sir George Provost. On the following day, (the 28th,) the debarkation was expected, on the peninsula called Horse Island, a short distance from the town.

The attack upon this place, and the repulse of the enemy, is well known to all familiar with the history of the war; and I refer to it only, as it is connected with the affair at Sandy Creek.

But before leaving this portion of the subject, however, it may be well to state that the force brought against Sackett's Harbor, consisted of the Wolfe, the Royal George, the Prince Regent, the Earl of Moira, and one brig, two schooners, and two gun-boats, with thirty-three barges, containing in all twelve hundred troops.

Failing in his designs upon the place, Sir James Yeo, somewhat crestfallen, that a handful of raw militia should have given his veterans so rough a reception, lifted his anchors, and directed his course up the lake, intending to look into Oswego, and along the American shore, on his way to Fort George and Little York.

On arriving off the mouth of Sandy Creek, he detached the two schooners from the fleet, with orders to proceed up the creek to the point where it was supposed the Americans had accumulated supplies for Chauncey's squadron; and after transferring as many of these stores as possible to the vessels, to destroy the remainder, and the buildings, and otherwise molest the inhabitants and their property.

In obedience to these instructions, the schooners steered for the entrance to the creek. But a bar extending across the mouth prevented the passage of the largest vessel. The other, however, had no difficulty; and having entered, lay to, while the lieutenant in command, and other officers landed on the beach to reconnoitre.

At this point, which is a treeless sand bank, with the waves of the lake breaking in front, and a deep, impenetrable marsh in the rear, stood a solitary frame house—a sort of tavern, for the accommodation of fishing parties, from the surrounding country; and in the upper window of which was kept a light, for the benefit of those navigating the lake. This house is still standing, and is still occupied for the same purpose.

At the time of the arrival of the British vessels, this house was occupied by a man named Lawrence, who to the business of a tavern keeper, added that of a fisherman, and occasionally that of a trapper.

Entering the house, the British officers ordered the landlord to set before them the choicest liquors he had; and while seated at the table, enjoying their drink, they plied him with interrogatories relating to the condition and amount of the stores up the creek.

Lawrence, who had been employed at various times, at the landing, in assisting in stowing away the supplies, was enabled to answer their questions satisfactorily.

"Are there any soldiers there to guard these stores?" demanded the lieutenant.

"No," was the reply. "They are in charge of a deputy commissary, assisted only by two or three hired men."

"Are you *sure* there are no soldiers there?" was next asked.

"Certainly I am," replied Lawrence, "for it's scarcely three hours since I returned from the landing, and the only persons there were those I have mentioned."

"Well, my man, you must go aboard with us, and pilot us to the place. And mind ye, if you have lied to us, we will hang you to the first tree there."

"I have no objection to pilot you, gentlemen," returned the tavern-keeper. "But that is scarcely necessary, as there is water enough all the way to the landing to float the largest vessel in your fleet. You have only to sail up the South Branch, and the stores you are in search of are on the first firm ground you will reach."

Satisfied with these words, the officers returned to the schooner. But to prevent the escape of the landlord, in case he had deceived them, they took with them his boats, and proceeded on their way.

Lawrence had answered truly, so far as he knew. But the attack upon Sackett's Harbor had aroused the country, and every man capable of bearing arms was on the alert.

The progress of the British fleet had been watched from all the headlands; and when it was seen to steer towards the mouth of Sandy Creek, fleet horsemen were sent out to spread the alarm. Bodies of militia, on their way to the Harbor, turned back at the tidings, and hastened toward the threatened point.

Colonel Ackley of Ellisburgh, with his men, and a small force of Seneca Indians, being nearest to the place, arrived at the landing while the British officers were indulging in their grog and bluster at the beach; and taking their positions so as not to attract attention, the Americans awaited the arrival of the schooner.

Ackley and his militia took possession of the store-house and the timber in the vicinity, while the Senecas crossed the creek, and secreted themselves in the high grass of the marsh a little below; so that the attacking party would be taken in front and flank.

The creek at this point was about fifty yards wide, with low, marshy banks, except at the landing, which was on the right bank, about half a mile above the confluence of the two branches.

Having reached the mouth of South Sandy, the bend in this stream making the light breeze unfavorable, boats were ordered ahead to tow the vessel toward the landing.

So confident was the officer in command that no attempt would be made to prevent his landing, that he did not even take the usual precaution to send boats in advance to reconnoitre.

In order to facilitate the towing of the vessel against the current, her sails were lowered, and she came up slowly toward the firm ground, where she had arrived before her commander had any suspicion of the trap into which he was running.

Even the Indians lay quietly in their ambush, awaiting the preconcerted signal for the attack.

As the schooner hove in sight, her decks were discovered to be full of troops; for, besides the regular crew, she carried large numbers of the soldiers of Sir George Provost that had been distributed through the fleet. The vessel also carried four carronades, two in the bows, and the others amidship.

Slowly and noiselessly she passed to her berth, and the lines were sent on shore, and made fast to trees. Already had a number of red-coats leaped to the shore, when the signal of opening the fire of musketry and rifles upon them was given, and a deadly discharge was poured from the windows of the storehouse and the surrounding thicket.

This firing was instantly responded to by the Indians upon the farther side of the creek, who filled the air with their fierce warwhoops, and rained a destructive fire upon the enemy.

The young lieutenant in command of the vessel, a brave but evidently imprudent officer, was seen to fall as he was urging his men to the shore. This event seemed to throw his crew into confusion, and for several minutes they were shot down without returning a shot.

Each officer now endeavored to take the command, and one, a lieutenant of the land troops, who, among others, had reached the shore, sprang back to the deck of the schooner, and catching up a burning match, applied it to one of the guns, which, being charged with grape shot, and directed towards the thicket, where were a portion of our men, did some execution, killing one man, and wounding others.

The report of the carronade seemed to recall the scattered senses of the sailors and redcoats, and they returned to the vessel, and, with their comrades who had remained on board, now opened upon the Americans. The four guns were also brought to bear, and their deadly missiles hissed fiercely through the timber, where their effects are to be seen to this day. But their range was too high to do much other execution.

It became an object with the Americans to silence these guns. Good marksmen were therefore selected, whose orders were to watch the gunners, and shoot them down at their pieces. These men carried to the fight the rifles they were accustomed to using at home. They made it their boast that they never shot a squirrel only through the head, always taking sight at an eye of the game. Though none of them had ever had occasion to try their skill upon men before, they were cool as well as courageous, and every shot told. No sooner did one of the enemy approach a gun with match in hand, than he fell to the deck with a rifle ball through his heart.

Man after man fell in this way, till nineteen of them had fallen at the breeches of the guns, and others refused the dangerous duty.

The young officer who had applied the first match, and who appeared to have taken command, seeing that his men hung back from the pieces, snatched a linstock from the deck, and advancing to one of the guns, was just in the act of touching the priming, when, dropping the staff suddenly from his hand, he fell lifeless to the deck.

His body was afterwards examined, and over the region of the heart were found nine rifle ball holes, all within a compass that could be covered with the hand.

The enemy now bethought them of endeavoring to retreat from this deadly fire, by cutting their lines and letting the schooner drop on the stream, below the firm ground, and out of reach of the Americans.

At first she fell slowly from the landing, till, passing out into the current, she would soon have got beyond the range of the militia. But in their haste to depart, orders were given to hoist upon the sails, when, the breeze striking upon them, threw the bows of the vessel hard into the mud of the opposite marsh, and she stuck fast.

The Senecas now opened upon her, while the riflemen on the other side picked off the men, as they attempted, with pikes and oars, to get the vessel's head again into deep water.

At length, finding it impossible to effect their escape, the schooner struck her flag, in token of surrender. Col. Ackley, on seeing this, of course gave the order to cease firing; but the blood of the Indians was up—they had lost several of their warriors, and regardless of the shouts of the officer, continued to shoot down the unresisting English, till the brave colonel, mounting his horse, which was near at hand, spurred him into the stream, and swimming him to the opposite side, rushed with sword in hand among the infuriated savages. So determined were they on revenge, that Ackley found it necessary to threaten the life of their chief, if he did not call off his warriors.

"Me remember Buffalo! me remember Buffalo!" exclaimed the Indian, as he reluctantly ordered his people to desist.

On boarding the schooner, her decks were covered with the dead and wounded. Sailors and soldiers were piled indiscriminately together. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of forty; while the prisoners, who were conveyed to Sackett's Harbor, were something less than half that number.

The Americans, who were all raw militia, with the exception of the small force of Senecas, and who had never before been in action, amounted to between one and two hundred; but many of these were armed only with such inefficient weapons as they snatched up on the sudden call, and which they had not been able to discharge during the fight.

The dead were buried, with the honors of war, near the spot where the action occurred; and the wounded who could not bear the transportation in wagons, to the military hospital at the Harbor, were distributed among the neighboring farmers, where they were kindly cared for.

The loss of the Americans was three killed and seven wounded.

While the prisoners were being mustered, preparatory to the march towards Sackett's harbor, the following amusing and characteristic incident occurred. The officers were furnished wagons, but the private soldiers and sailors were to follow on foot, under a sufficient guard. Among the last was a large, burly, double-fisted John Bull, whose form had been conspicuous in the fight, and who was a brave fellow. Though a prisoner, this huge sailor had not surrendered; and with a dogged sullenness, he swore "no live Yankee should ever force *him* to march!" Hearing this, a young farmer lad, not large, but compactly built, who was the sergeant of the guard, stepped up to the sullen fellow, and good-naturedly requested him to fall into his place, adding:

"You are among friends now, Jack, what's the use of being obstinate? Move along old fellow!"

The sailor, casting upon the stripling a look of genuine English scorn, whipped his knife from its sheath, and aimed a fierce and deadly blow at his breast.

The sergeant, seeing mischief in the sailor's eye, was on his guard, and springing aside, avoided the blow, then throwing his musket to the ground, he struck the Englishman a blow, with his clenched fist, between the eyes, that felled him like a bullock to the ground. The sailor was taken by storm, and rising slowly from his recumbent position, with an expression of surprise, and muttering something about the "kick of a jackass," took his place among the prisoners, with a manner of the most perfect submission, and soon became one of the most agreeable and jolly of the party.

GIVING TO THE POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't Brown give anything?" said Mr. Ward.

"Not a dime," was answered.

"What excuse did he make?"

"Oh, he said something about the harm that is done by indiscriminate alms-giving. I hardly kept patient enough to hear him to the end."

"All stuff!" said Mr. Ward. "A mere excuse for parsimony."

"So I felt. Well, well! Some men's hearts are made of iron."

"You told him how destitute poor Mrs. Folger was?"

"O, yes."

"And he didn't put his hand in his pocket?"

"No."

"Very well. Let Mr. Brown pass. We can do without him. God's poor are all around us, and if we neglect our duty, He will not forget."

"I couldn't help looking around the room," was answered to this, "and noticing its comfortable arrangements. Cushioned easy chairs, lounges, soft carpets and warm curtains. Mr. Brown, in wrapper and slippers, sitting by the glowing grate, was the picture of selfish enjoyment. Poor Mrs. Folger! I thought of her, shivering with her half-clothed children by a few coals. Well, well! Some have their good things here, and some their evil things. But there will be a reversion of this order in the time to come. Money seems to harden some people's hearts. The more they get, the less human they become. What is a dollar or two to Brown? Nothing! It would not have been missed from his purse, nor abridged a single comfort. But to Mrs. Folger and her poor children, the sum would have brought food and warmth. The difference is striking and significant. I am sorry for Mr. Brown. He has lost an opportunity of laying up treasure in heaven."

And so they talked, sitting in judgment, on Mr. Brown. Of his comfortable surroundings, we have had a passing glimpse. Let us see how it really is with Mrs. Folger, who lives not far away, in a narrow court, amidst the children of poverty. We enter a small room, almost unfurnished. There is an old pine table, with one leaf broken off; three chairs and a wooden bench, and a small cracked stove, in which carpenter's refuse is burning. Sundry garments hang against the walls, or lie in the corners. Cracked or broken dishes, unwashed, cover the table and mantelpiece. It is a scene of disorder and filth. And in the midst, sitting with idle hands, is Mrs. Folger. Her attitude expresses a nerveless state of mind; her face is troubled. Three children hover about the stove. One of them is a stout, sensual-looking boy, over fourteen years of age. The other two are girls—their ages eight and ten.

"You'll have to go back, John," says the mother, in a tone of pitiful remonstrance. "I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

John's face darkens.

"If you had to get up and go off in the cold, as I do, every morning——"

"I know it's hard, my son. I pity you," breaks in the weak, irresolute mother. "But what are we to do? Starve? You must go back, John."

"I can never stand it, mother. My back aches from the time I go into the shop until I come out again. And Mr. Grind is a Turk. He knocks the boys about, and drives them to death. They say he killed a boy last winter. I'm so 'fraid of him, that I tremble all over whenever he comes near me. Yesterday he caught me by the hair and pulled me half across the room. O dear! I can't stand it, mother, and I won't."

The mother began wringing her hands in a distressed way. Just then came a knock at her door, which, not moving, she answered by a loud "Come in." A woman entered. Mrs. Folger arose instantly, with a slightly composed manner, for the visitor's attire was that of a person quite above her social condition.

"Is your name Folger?"

"Yes, ma'am." The tone was faint and piteous, and the face in keeping with the voice. "Won't you sit down?" And Mrs. Folger brushed a chair, that stood in the middle of the room, with her dirty apron—it needed the operation—and handed it to the lady, whose quick eyes were taking in everything almost at a glance.

"Are you sick?" was inquired, in a calm, searching voice.

"No, ma'am, not just sick; but I never feel very well."

"Is this the way in which you live all the while?" The visitor glanced around the room again.

"Yes, ma'am. Poor people can't have things like the rich."

"They can be clean and neat, and make the most of what they have. Water costs nothing, and an hour a day expended on a room like this, would keep it sweet and in order. Are these your children?"

"Yes ma'am." Still plaintive, almost whining.

"How old is the boy?"

"Fourteen."

"Why isn't he at work?"

"He's had a place, ma'am, but he left it yesterday."

"Why?"

"They worked him so hard and treated him so dreadfully that he couldn't stand it. They treat poor boys worse than dumb beasts, sometimes."

The lady eyed the boy for a few moments, and then said:

"He doesn't look as if he'd been very badly used. What's your name, sir?"

"John," answered the boy.

"Where have you been at work?"

"In a hat factory."

"How much did they pay you?"

"Two dollars and a half, ma'am."

"Why did you leave?"

The boy stammered a lame excuse.

"That won't do," said the lady. "You must go back to your place again. A boy that's afraid of work will never make a man worth anything. Send him back to his place, Mrs. Folger, and be thankful that he has something to do this hard winter. There are hundreds around you, men and boys, who havn't a stroke of work. And now, let me ask what *you* are doing in the way of supporting yourself and children?"

The woman's manner began to grow uneasy. She didn't feel comfortable in the presence of this unsympathizing visitor.

"I havn't any work just now," she answered.

"How comes that? What kind of work have you been doing?"

"I took in washing and ironing, but I'm a weakly woman, and it was so dreadful hard on me that I had to give it up."

"Can't you sew?"

"Yes, ma'am, but bending over that kind of work gives me a pain in my breast."

"And so you sit down in idleness and disorder, and encourage the same vices in your children;" this was said in an undertone, so that the woman alone might hear the rebuke. "This won't answer, Mrs. Folger. Send your boy back to his place, and let him have the benefits and protection of useful employment. Go to work yourself. Put your rooms in order, and keep them so. Try and live like a decent woman. This is shocking! What do you expect your children to become, if raised in idleness, disorder, and dirt? Teach your little girls to be tidy and industrious; and this, by example. Let them see their mother always busy, and always making the best of everything. Old and young are happiest when usefully employed. Work is no hardship, but a blessing. Send John back to his place, that he may grow up a useful, industrious boy, and help you at the same time. He's stout and strong, and can bear a little rough usage, if it must come. But don't encourage him to complain. Let him understand that he's got to hold on to his place. It will be best for him, it will make a man of him. So arouse yourself, Mrs. Folger! You and John are able to work, and take good care of yourselves. And these little girls can help in a great many ways, if you show them how. All you need is a willing spirit."

And the visitor arose and departed, without offering the smallest aid beyond the reproof and injunctions we have recorded.

"You'll have to go back, John; there's no help for it," said Mrs. Folger. Her voice had in it a firmer quality. She had arisen under the force of a new spirit which had been awakened, and was moving about the room, putting things in order, and preparing to wash up the dishes, which had not been touched since their last meal. "We've nothing but your wages to depend on; and, anyhow, idleness is bad for boys. I don't want you on the street again. I've had trouble enough with you already. So go right away back to the shop, before some one else gets your place—go right away!"

John demurred, feebly, but made preparations for obeying. He was putting on his overcoat, when another rap was heard on the door. Mr. Ward came in. The destitute condition of this family had been made known to him by some one who saw only on the surface of things, and the relation had drawn largely on his sympathies. So acting under a blindly benevolent impulse, he had collected some twenty dollars, and now came on his mission of blessing to the poor. Mr. Brown, from whom, through the medium of a friend, he had anticipated a liberal donation to his fund, gave nothing, as we have seen, and was harshly judged for withholding. Expressions of surprise and pity fell from the lips of Mr. Ward, as he glanced around the room.

"This is a hard way to live!" he said, in a tone of commisseration—speaking half to himself and half to the woman.

"Indeed it is hard!" Mrs. Folger's dirty apron went to her eyes. Her voice was choked by feeling, tears came readily to view. John instinctively put off his overcoat, and laid aside his cap.

"Have you no coal?" asked Mr. Ward, as he glanced to the stove and saw the carpenter's shavings strown around.

"No, sir," whined the woman.

"Bless me! that is hard!" And Mr. Ward drew out his pocket-book. "Is this your boy?" looking towards John.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here, my lad. Take this five dollar bill, go to one of the coal yards on Broad street, and order a ton of coal for your mother."

John's overcoat went on quickly, and taking the bank-note he started on his errand.

"Hi! Where you going?" A boy, older than John, hailed him as he turned the first corner.

"Down to the coal yard. Come—go 'long." The boy joined him. "Going to buy coal?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A ton."

"Whew! Got the money?"

"Yes, indeed! See!" And John displayed the five dollar bill. They walked a little way in silence; the companion plotting evil. He was farther away from the right path than John.

"A whole ton, did you say?" he asked.

"Yes, a whole ton."

"I'll tell you what I did once."

"What?"

"They sent me for a ton of coal, and I bought only three quarters. So I had a dollar and a 'levy all to myself."

"And didn't they find it out?" John's eyes grew larger, and his voice was excited.

"No. The three quarters went for a ton, and nobody was any the wiser."

The tempter prevailed, and John shared with him the price of a quarter of a ton of coal!

Mr. Ward made a few general inquiries of Mrs. Folger, after sending John away; and taking all that she said for granted, handed her over fifteen dollars, the balance of his collections and contribution; and telling her to make herself and children comfortable, went away, feeling that he had done a most benevolent action. He passed the home of Mr. Brown on his way back from this errand of mercy, and glancing up at the windows, said, in his thought:

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

As he went by, the visitor who had called a little while before him at the widow's miserable home, sat talking with Mr. Brown.

"Any help there," she is saying, "will do harm rather than good. Mrs. Folger and her oldest boy are able to earn all that is really needful. But, she is lazy and neglectful of her home and children, and he, like most boys, would rather play than work. If you help them, she will fold her hands, and he will go upon the street. The spur of hunger and cold are needed there. Take it off, and the family will grow up idle and vicious."

Mr. Brown sighed. "Hunger and cold are hard drivers, Margaret."

"But not so hard as vice and crime. Work is no hardship, but a blessing to all. The bread that is earned is sweeter to the taste. Mrs. Folger will be happier at toil that goes even beyond her strength, than she now is, sitting in idleness. Don't give her a dollar."

"How is old Mrs. Lyon?" was inquired.

"Feeble, but always employed. Out of the dollar a week that you supply for worsted and crochet cotton, she produces three or four dollars' worth of work, which, so far, she has been able to sell. She lives right comfortably, and is cheerful and hopeful."

"And Mrs. Talbot—how is she getting along?"

"As well as could be expected, under the circumstances."

"Five little children are a heavy burden on a poor woman," said Mr. Brown.

"Heavier on some than on others. Mrs. Talbot lacks energy and forecast, and is easily discouraged. But she loves her children, and would die for them, if that were demanded. You pay her rent, and supply her with fuel. To go beyond that would, I think, injure rather than benefit her. She has to keep busy in order to get plain food, and plain food is better for them than luxuries."

Mr. Brown sighed, as he answered: "We think plain food all right for the children of poor people, but would we like to set our own children down to such fare?"

"Plain food would be better for them. It is weakness, not genuine kindness, that causes us to set unhealthy luxuries before our children. There is a great deal of wrong thinking on this subject of the poor," continued the lady. "We forget that true enjoyment is not from the external condition, but from the mind's state and quality; and that useful occupation alone puts a man in that orderly condition with society through which God can lead him into the ways of true happiness. Every one must do some service. If it be of a low and material nature, ministering only to the body's grosser needs, it will be poorly paid. If more skilled, the return will be larger. But, in all cases, it is best that the individual should earn his bread, whether the loaf be brown or white. It will be sweeter for the toil. Faithful service—the always doing up to the ability—is sure to meet with increasing compensation. It is the grudged, reluctant, inadequate service that is such a hindrance to the poor; and our duty to them is not in alms-giving, but in teaching them how they can be more faithful and energetic in doing the work that is committed to their hands. In most cases our gratuities do more harm than good."

A week passed. Mr. Ward was at his door, key in hand, just about entering, when a little girl, thinly dressed, in soiled finery, ran up and said:

"O sir! Mother sent me round to ask if you wouldn't come there." The child had a frightened look.

"Who's your mother?"

"Mrs. Folger," was answered.

"What's the matter?"

"O sir! The policeman's carried our John off, and says he'll be sent to the House of Refuge."

"What's John been doing?"

"I don't know. Mother wants you to come there."

Mr. Ward had felt very comfortable in mind about Mrs. Folger. His thoughts had turned to her very often, and with a feeling of self-complacency. The ton of coal, and fifteen dollars, were to transform the miserable apartment in which he saw her with her children into a kind of Paradise. Many times had he contrasted his own benevolent action in this case, with the "heartless indifference" of Mr. Brown, his rich neighbor; and self-approval and self-complacency nestled in his heart. Now, he was disturbed from his tranquility. Here was a new aspect of affairs, not by any means agreeable. He hesitated a few moments, and then went with the child. As he walked along he observed her more carefully. She had on a soiled, but gay colored frock; and around her waist was a broad ribbon, with long ends at the side.

"Where did you get that dress?" inquired Mr. Ward.

"Mother bought it."

"When?"

"Next day after you were at our house."

"She did!"

"Yes sir. Me and Susie were invited to a party at Mrs. Cooper's next door; and mother said we should look as well as any body's children—and so we did. Mother sat up all night to get 'em done."

"So you and Susie both had new party dresses and sashes?"

"Yes sir. And new shoes,"—glancing down at a pair of thin slippers.

Mr. Ward began to feel some risings of the natural man. He found Mrs. Folger in great distress, crying and wringing her hands. After a great deal of questioning, he got down to the simple truth in the case, not omitting the fact that John had supplied himself with spending money in the way already mentioned. One dishonest act leads to another. Idleness and the companionship of vicious boys drew him into further temptation, and on that afternoon, he had been arrested, with another lad older than himself, for the crime of robbing a till. On clearly understanding the case, and ascertaining, besides, that Mrs. Folger had already spent nearly the whole sum placed in her hands, compassion changed to indignation.

"Let him go to the House of Refuge! It's the best place for him. He may come out an honest, industrious boy; but, under your management, only a miracle can save him from the State's Prison or gallows."

And so saying, our impulsive philanthropist turned from the weak, miserable mother, and left her in her sorrow and despair. It was his hand that had drawn her from the safe way of self-dependence; his blind benevolence that had removed a pressing necessity for the boy's returning to his work, and in the idle days that followed, crime wrought an irreparable disaster. There had been no wise discrimination in giving; and there was, now, no pity in his heart, as he turned away, saying to himself, "I'll never do a kind act again, as long as I live!"

So acts, usually, your selfish philanthropists, who give from weak impulse, instead of a true benevolence.

To vex another is to teach him to vex us again; injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FIRST SPRING MORNING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Thou weepest! Wherefore? O most welcome guest,
So lov'd, so waited for, say why should tears
Thus gathering, glitter in thine eye of blue?

Fear'st thou with sandals all unsoil'd, to tread
Our Earth, that shaketh with her many sins?
Pour thy sweet flowers out on her harden'd breast,
Full of His love who gave them, and, perchance,
Their breath shall wake some warmth of gratitude.

Dread'st thou this changeful clime, where Winter oft
Sweeps back like outlaw to his forfeit realm,
With trumpet-shriek of blasts, and tramp of storms?
And man, more changeful still, makes havoc dire
Of Heaven's rich blessings, peace and amity?
Uplift thy voice, and bid the tyrant flee,
And to the alienated cry, "Repent!
Return, and live!"
So to those sordid cares
That foul the crystal streamlets where the soul
Should bathe for heavenly health, and with their sands
And base residuum choke the seeds that else
Might fructify and clothe their marge with green,
Cry "hence!—away!"
But with a gentle hand
Strew snow-drops o'er the feet of innocence
That pattering from the cottage-threshold come,
And bind thy lilied wreath around the brow
Of joyous youth;—yea, let the miser feel
Thy touch benignant 'mid his rusted chains,
And wondering, hail his own enfranchisement.

Thus shalt thou grow in beauty, Maid of Heaven!
And like the children of true charity,
'Mid thy free gifts, thy transient grief forget.

Hartford, Conn., March 1st, 1861.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM BURSTS.

Yes: Nelly was gone.

The table was laid with the nicest care, the lamp burned brightly, and the fire crackled and glowed cheerily. All was awaiting him, all in mute language said "welcome," and gave token of her care; but where was she?

The sudden tremor which ran through his veins told him how dear she was still, through all suspicion, all evil report, and stern determination.

Then, for the first time he remembered, and he ejaculated, "God forbid I should do her harm!"

It was Dame Rullocks, old Dan's wife, who came in from the adjoining room, with her finger to her lips, and met the exclamation that was on those of the anxious husband.

"No, nothing the matter, she was only took faint; and as I'd happened to look in, I stayed with her, and persuaded her to lie down; she's just dosed a bit," then, after a pause, the good woman added, "She's been a-sobbing, poor child, in her sleep, and seems to have something on her mind; is aught amiss, Aaron? I ha' knowed ye from a child, ye might tell me?"

Poor tortured Franklen! here was fresh fuel to the fire that was consuming him. It was her disappointed love, her mistaken union, his wife wept for, no doubt.

Oh! how apt we are at conclusions when they tend to one's own misery! But he answered the good dame with truth, that there was nothing he knew of.

Again she whispered, laying her hand upon his arm with the kind freedom of a parent, "I cannot help hearing, ye know, my lad, and I have heer'd say ye two aren't quite so happy as might be; now ye know, dear lad, ye must just ha' patience with Nelly; she's a good lass, a sweet lass; a bit wilful and wayward like I know, but mind ye, Aaron, she's never had no mother for to put her right, not leastways since she know'd the good of one—and that's a sore miss. Ha' patience wi' her, yer a good lad, and all will come right, the little one will work wonders, my lad, you'll see; she will come more thoughtful and gentler like wi' care o' that. Oh, Aaron, ha' patience with the young thing, for she is but young and as good as gold, ye aren't vexed wi' me for speaking now, for ye see I feel like ye was my own, either one of ye?"

Franklen took the hand of the kind old body in both his own, and pressed it warmly and blessed her.

She little knew, well meaning as she was, good soul, all the value of her words just then.

Precious oil upon the troubled waters of his soul! What a contrast to the last to which he had listened. He looked round upon his home with a cleared vision, and he breathed in peace; the evil tidings of the foul-mouthed publican seemed to die away further and further—he would not think of them.

A gentle voice from the inner room recalled the dame, and Aaron heard her in expostulation with her charge, who was insisting on rising to join her husband at his meal.

He hastened to add his protest to that of the good neighbor, and with some difficulty succeeded in inducing Nelly to remain where she was, while he took a hasty supper, and then came to seat himself by her bed-side.

Dame Rullocks returned home, after requesting that she should be called, did any fresh occasion arise—and they were alone.

Husband and wife alone—each with a secret heavy at the heart—longing to speak, yet dreading to lay it bare to the other.

How many evils, how much of wrong would the world be spared, were perfect confidence observed betwixt such relations!

Had Franklen but have hinted to his wife what he had been told, all must have come forth; the confidence, which was yearning for bestowal, would have been his.

Could Nelly only have related to her husband how that for days past she had scarce crossed the threshold without meeting Meghorn in her path, and of the reason she had to dread and avoid him—of the fear and self-reproach that haunted her, even to causing her illness of that day. Well—had it been so, all might have been very different.

But various motives held both silent.

Once raising her pale face to his, she put her arms about him.

"Aaron, dear husband!"

He bent down to her pillow.

"Yes, dearest Nelly."

She paused and sighed, then said: "I do *so* love you, dear; sometimes, when I am by myself, I get so miserable, thinking if I was to lose you. Oh, dear Aaron! what should I do without you to take care of me?"

She spoke tearfully, but with a world of affection in her tones.

He was silent. Could he doubt her? No, no! she must be true to him. "Let the past be past," said the honest fellow to himself, "I will not pain her by bringing it up." And he kissed her and answered back her words of love.

The days passed on; Nelly's brief indisposition went with them; and her health restored gave no immediate cause for anxiety.

An unusually mild winter had been succeeded by a biting, inclement spring. Fierce gales, which veered within the twenty-four hours to every point of the compass, sorely vexed the souls of all who went "down to the sea," whether in ships or smaller craft, and of all who on shore, even in worse agony of suspense, nightly watched, and wept, and prayed, from the fulness of anxious hearts, to the One in the hollow of whose hand are its waters, at whose bidding alone the winds cry "hush," and the tempest is abashed.

Great had been the loss of life and disasters of shipwreck on that coast in the early spring months. The sun set upon families whom the next dawn found orphans clinging round widowed and shrieking mothers. Brave sons, the sole support of aged parents and impotent sisters, bade a gay farewell, with talk of the coming day, to friends whose next office it should be to drag up from murderous rocks and bloody surf the mangled, unrecognizable corpse.

Weeping, and lamentation, and the signs of sore bereavement, made desolate the pleasant little village, which had smiled in the sun of summer, and that winter's snows had but clothed in a new beauty—that cruel spring.

Amid this terrible affliction, Saul Meghorn came out in a new character—that of benefactor and succorer of the suffering and distressed.

He caused lights to be burned and signals to be fired from the conspicuous point his dwelling occupied; boats were, by his orders and expense, kept ready for rendering assistance where it was possible, and on more than one occasion he had himself volunteered to go out with a crew to a vessel in distress, while at home, the families of the drowned or maimed fishermen blessed him for the means of subsistence.

Nor was Aaron Franklen absent at the call of duty, though the anxious fears of Nelly often had the effect of detaining him when care for himself certainly would not.

He had kept concealed the painful thoughts which would force themselves at times, and as much as possible avoided the society of Meghorn, but late circumstances made this somewhat difficult. On more than one occasion Saul had singled out Aaron in such a manner as made it difficult to refuse accompanying him, without the imputation of cowardice; and the praises and flatteries of the man he hated were even more detestable to the fisherman than the quarrel would have been, which, upon the slightest provocation, Aaron would have fixed upon him.

His situation was irksome; he resolved that, with his wife's concurrence, they would, after a certain event, remove to a village some miles down the coast.

Nelly, on her part, had her secret source of trouble.

Relieved, for some time past, of the unwelcome presence of Saul Meghorn on her path, she was seized with the fear that her husband, whom she knew to be in frequent communication with him, should enter into any closer engagements, such as might involve his coming to the cottage.

The pure-minded wife shrank from the idea of ever renewing an acquaintance with a man, between whom and herself a secret existed unknown to her husband, as she believed, and though Aaron never named Saul to her, she heard enough from the neighbors to know that they often were thrown together.

Thus a sort of mutual hesitation, a want of freedom, marked the intercourse of husband and wife, though no unkindly words had arisen.

The evil days of the visitation seemed to have passed. The skies cleared, and the winds lulled somewhat; they whom affliction had spared lent their mite of aid and sympathy to the less fortunate, and among the former Nelly and her husband were not backward.

Many a poor family blessed Aaron's skillful ingenuity and willing labor for—what was even more to them than money—the service of strength and activity.

He had spent the day, after a night of toiling at his own craft, in assisting the removal of one of those unfortunates whose home had been broken up, and who now sought refuge in the town.

The night was far advanced when he returned; he hoped to find that Nelly had gone to rest, but she was up, and, which is not surprising, all considered, in no pleasant humor.

She began by gently upbraiding him for not being more careful of his health, and neglecting needful rest, but from one root of complaint grew another.

"You leave me so long alone, and to serve strangers, too; I sometimes think you don't love me as you did once."

"I might often doubt whether you *ever* loved me at all," said Aaron, with more bitterness in his tone than he was perhaps aware of.

"Ah! perhaps I *didn't*," replied his wife, her eyes fixed upon the fire, and in that tone of assumed indifference which chilled his very soul, brooding over that haunting suspicion.

"No!" he cried, hotly, "you should not have been a poor man's wife, Nelly, you need too much attention and petting."

"I need not, unless I had chosen," she replied as bitterly.

"I dare say not; it is a pity you didn't choose better."

"Oh, it's not too late," she exclaimed, with flushed cheeks, and eyes that glittered as she turned them full upon him.

"By —— you shall rue that word!" he cried, as he sprang from his chair, and dashing on his hat he had just laid aside, rushed past her, flung open the door, and leaped the low paling out into the dark.

She sprang after him to the door, to the gate, cried aloud to him to come back, for mercy's sake—to come back, that she was but joking.

"Aaron! husband! dear Aaron!" The rocks sent back the despairing echo; the wind moaned pitifully up the cleft, but he, far below, was dashing headlong down the rugged pathway to the beach.

"To the boats? oh, he will go out, and the wind is raising off shore," she sobbed; "oh, Aaron, my dear, dear husband, come back! oh, *do* come back."

The sleet began to fall, dark clouds were rapidly covering up the moon; she shuddered as the cold pierced to her heart, and weeping, she returned to the cottage.

Never, in all their disputes, had he thus left her. She could not go to bed—in the utter darkness, she dared not venture abroad to fetch any one—neither would she have it known why her husband had gone. She sat and shivered and wept, listening for some sign of his return, but she heard only the increasing wind, and the sleet pattering on the casement.

She made up the fire, for she thought he would surely return and need the warmth, and oh, how thankful she would be, how good and kind, and never, *never* would she say such cruel things again.

But the hours rolled on; midnight had come and was past; when, in the first hour of the morning, the storm burst and raged with a violence that surpassed all that had gone before.

The thunder roared, the sheeted lightning followed in such swift succession, that earth and sky seemed ablaze; the rain poured in torrents, and the mountain streams, swollen to cascades, dashed with a deafening sound to join their waters to the seething cauldron, which hissed, and boiled, and groaned below. All nature seemed raging in conflict, and the wind, risen to a hurricane, blew straight on shore.

It was certain destruction to any craft at sea that night, and she knew it.

Trembling, she knelt upon the floor of her desolate home, and, as she cowered from the awful rack of elements, she wept and prayed incessantly—prayed as she had never prayed till now—"Oh, Lord of mercy! send my husband back in safety, and never, never will I offend him more."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT SAUL MEGHORN WAS.

Out upon the jutting cliffs and desolate coast, where Saul Meghorn had taken up his solitary abode, the storm raged even more fiercely, seeming to revel in total abandonment to its fury.

"God help all poor souls at sea this night!" cried Saul's old housekeeper, as she shivered, and heaped more wood upon the fire, and swept in the ashes scattered by the blast. "Eh! and me all alone—a poor old body like me," whined the crone. "Where be the master this while, I wonder? one would say he liked such awful nights best; and he'll be back in awhile, wet through, and——"

She stopped short in her mumbling soliloquy as a door in the rear of the house slammed-to violently, and a heavy footstep passed rapidly along a passage and up the stairs.

The old woman had taken up a candle, and was hastening to show a light; but as with a sudden thought she stayed, and shutting-to the door gently, busied herself at the hearth as before. Meanwhile, overhead, the hasty footstep passed heavily to and fro; there was a pause of some minutes; then a window opened on that side of the building where the cliff fell abruptly to the sea, and the wind came rushing in, howling as if it grappled with something it had been looking for and found at last; shrieking down the broad stairs, and through empty chambers, on its way.

There was a pause, and, very faintly, came the plash of something falling into the waters below; then all was still; the casement was closed and made fast.

Whether at the keenness of the penetrating blast, or that, deaf as she was, she had distinguished the sound—the old woman gave herself a nervous shake, and then busied herself about the room, now and again muttering to herself aloud, in her querulous way, and after the habit of persons who are accustomed to be much alone.

"Dorcas!"

She did not hear till the call had been repeated twice from the stairs, then she hurried to the door and opened it.

"Show a light here," said the deep, stern voice of Saul Meghorn.

She did as desired, and he entered. He had evidently been changing his wet clothes upstairs, for the linen he had on was fresh; he wore no coat, the left sleeve of the shirt was turned back to the shoulder, the arm had been hurriedly bound in a silk handkerchief, which was stained through with blood, and he held it supported in the other hand.

"Here! bring your needle and thread, and doctoring stuffs; I got a scratch on the rocks down below, and want botching up a bit. Quick, now! I must be going."

"Off again, master?"

He made no reply, but while she got together what she needed, he, with little tenderness to himself, pulled off the bandages from his arm.

"Eh! dear heart, dear heart! what a place! *what* a place!" cried old Dorcas, as she beheld the raw, jagged wound, that all but laid bare the bone; "ye'd best have a real doctor to this here, master; indeed," she said, hesitatingly, "it be a bad place, surely."

"Stuff," he exclaimed, with an oath, "it'll heal in a week! I've had worse marks than that before now, and never a doctor but sea-water. Take and bind it up, and that sharp, too, or I shall be off without."

The old woman uttered a low sound, half in commiseration of her patient's hurt, half deprecatory of his impatience, and set herself adroitly to her task.

Meghorn knelt upon one knee, extending the arm to her. His eyes were fixed upon the fire, his face was paler even than was its wont; and now and again his lips were tightly compressed and his nostrils dilated; the ghastly wound must have pained him horribly, but he never winced as the edges were drawn together, nor stirred a nerve of the limb.

His long, black hair was thrust back from his brows; it was drenched with moisture, that dripped down upon his shoulders and on to the floor behind him.

"Has Yawmans been in?" he asked, abruptly.

She replied in the negative.

"Nor Gramplin, from the Peep-o'-Day?"

"Nay! no one's been anigh the whole blessed night; and I'd like to be skeered out o' what little wits I have left, what wi' the thunder and the wind."

"It's gone past now, the worst of it," he said, as he rose from his knee, and she broke off her thread from the bandage.

But ere the words had passed his lips another broad flash and swiftly following peal gave a denial to what he said.

"The wind is changing, it will be clear at daybreak," he said, confidently, as he threw on a rough coat, a tarpaulin, and hat, seaworthy

"Bring the light, Dorcas, and bolt this door behind me."

She followed him, but at the stair foot he stopped abruptly.

"Wipe that mess off," pointing with his finger to the stair, where a bright red stain or two was deepening into the wood; "this confounded scratch was bleeding as I came, I could not stop it; wipe it off at once."

He went out into the ground, half garden, half unreclaimed down, which skirted the dwelling, and disappeared. But the old woman had shut-to the door close upon his exit, and barred and bolted it fast.

Then she set about scrubbing out the eyesores on the stairs, tracing them at intervals to the door of Saul's chamber.

The lightning's flash lessened in frequency and strength, the thunder awoke the echoes more rarely, and the wind had fallen to a growl. The vexed waves still chafed and beat at the base of the rocky sea wall, but the tempest was evidently dispersing.

"Deary me! deary me! it's an awsome life this!" grumbled the old woman, as she crept back to her kitchen. "Eh! that be a bad place in truth, and it's more than a scratch on the rock. They'll ha' been falling in wi' the coast-guard surely—well, well; I do hope yon fellows got the worst on't. I owe them no blessing. They took my lad from me—and if Saul do go lengths—well, well; what can a body do? I mun lay the old bones somewhere."

So she nodded and grumbled in her chair, while the wood fire flickered and glowed, and the storm rolled down the horizon.

* * * * * *

From the front of Meghorn's dwelling-place the down, or grass-grown rock, sloped off gradually to a platform or terrace below, where were erected a rustic seat or two, and which, thoroughly sheltered by the wall of rock, which hid it, too, from view of the house, and favored by the warm sun and soft south breeze, was as pleasant a resort as any hereabouts. A path led some quarter of a mile to a beautiful dell or gap called the "Chine," close by which was an awful gorge, or "gang," known as "Deepgang." It was said to be haunted, and was a place of fear to the inhabitants of all the country round. On that terrible night the Deepgang was peopled, and alive, as with its own proper inhabitants.

The while, in the deepest corner of the bay, where the overhanging cliff threw a perpetual shade of midnight, from between the chinks of some masses of fallen rock, glimmered a fixed light, faint, but steady.

"Such folly a-shadin' and a-hidin' of it, as if one mightn't make a bonfire o' the church upon the point, and no creature 'd heed it," grumbled a man, as he nevertheless placed the lamp behind an inner niche of the cavern, where he sat with a companion.

"As well to be safe, mate; an' as long as you stick to orders, all's fair sailing as far as it goes."

"*Orders!*" grumbled the first, replacing in his mouth the pipe he had relighted at the lamp. "Ye ha' said 'orders,' but that's not what I calls 'em; I calls it all just foolery now——"

He puffed his pipe till it glowed in cheerful contrast to himself, for *he* was evidently 'put out.'

The place where these men were seated was a natural cavern in the rock, which had apparently been adapted for a point of watch, or resort, or even an occasional dwelling-place.

They were dressed in the ordinary attire of fishermen, but, in addition, each wore a broad, thick belt about his loins, to which was attached a short cutlass; their coats were off, and their brawny shoulders, in red woollen shirts, covered by a loose rug of shaggy blue; a similar article half hung from a hammock suspended overhead.

Both were well-built, able-bodied men; one, some twelve years the senior—the younger, less weather-beaten and wild in appearance; but he wore an air of careless, selfish, and abandoned recklessness, though his language and manners, even in that company, retained signs of education and culture.

"You *said* orders," ejaculated the man who had first spoken; he took the pipe from his mouth, laid it slowly on the rude table beside him, and, leaning his hands upon his knees, bent forward, as he addressed his companion:

"Simeon Foulkes; if you could remember, as I do, the times when we stood on a deck of our own—aye, of as fine a bit of timber as ever were afloat—if you'd seen her colors flying, and the sails spanking along, like a cloud afore the wind—five-and-twenty as fine fellows as ever stepped ashore, or boarded a enemy——"

His voice grew louder, and his eyes gleamed, while he continued to speak more rapidly:

"Her decks like a bit o' driven snow, not a rope's end awry—taut and trim as a maid on her wedding-day; why, her very guns shone again! I say, Simeon Foulkes, if you'd known what it was to walk the seas aboard that brig, and second only in command to *him*—well, you'd say, as I do, o' this here milk-and-watery, hide-and-seek, stay-at-home busines, ——— foolery, you'd say! and that's all about it."

He returned to his former attitude, took up his pipe, and relapsed into silence.

"Oh!" said his mate, "I have heard all that before—it's a pity. Wonder what made him give up such a stirring course of things?"

"*I* don't know no more 'n you. It come over him when first he took to coming ashore too much, that's what I always said it were. Spoilt me too, for that matter, he did. I couldn't make out to leave him, or I'd a stuck to the old brig; but I must take my share, and set up tobacco-trade inland. But it wouldn't do; I give in, found my way back to salt-water, fell in with the captain again, and here we are here."

"Well, and not so bad a stroke have we done this six months past."

"Child's play, Simeon. What d'ye say to boarding of a Spaniard? cut down three with my own hand—good, hard metal, nigh a ship-load 'atween some thirty on us—not to talk o' precious stones and what not."

"Ha! and the liquor's first-class," cried the other, exultingly.

"To use, Simeon Foulkes, as the capt'n says; to use, but not abuse. Never a drop would we dare touch so long as work were to be done that wanted steady hands and clear heads; but afterwards—oh! aye, at it, my lads, and make the most of your time,—the boys loved him, too, to a man, they did. 'There's the head-piece as should rule a nation,' I often said to my mates. Think of him a backing the life-boats, and a carrying of the poor drowned wretches to his place yon', and us a working to bring 'em on the rocks, and laying hands on all, above and below, of whatsomever value might be."

The younger man laughed a heartless, reckless laugh.

"It's the way with more in the world than Saul; he did at least save the lives of the poor devils, if he wrecked 'em first. You'd have helped them to the bottom, eh, Mat?"

"Hi! that's about it—though look ye, now, don't you judge me too harsh."

"Hark!" cried the other, as he sprang to his feet and held up his hand. "I heard a cry!"

"A gull blown again the rock."

"No, no! I know—— *There!* there it was again! don't *you* hear?"

"Not I—it's mayhap one o' them darned coast guards; they're as skeered as gals, the young uns, of a black night."

"I wish to the blazes I was a coast guard, or any mortal thing alive, to have some action; this rotting in a hole don't suit me. A short life and a merry one!" He turned half round, as if for a glass at his elbow. "Confound it! and no grog!"

"It'd be as much as my life or yours is worth, to brew it afore orders. Why, *he* shot a man dead for that very thing once; he'd done it and was warned, and the next time it wor the bullet."

"How it comes down," said Foulkes, after a long pause; "I don't remember ever such a storm—we'll run nothing, Yawmans, to-night."

"Not afore daybreak—*storm!* oh, aye, I been in worse——" He stopped short, as a long, shrill whistle came winding up, apparently from the centre of the rock.

"There's the capt'n!" said Yawmans, in a subdued whisper, and springing to his feet, he drew aside the coats, &c., which hung upon the walls, and applying his mouth to a crevice, uttered a long, low, peculiar cry. There was a sound of a bar let drop, and then a long slip of the solid rock revolved, slowly disclosing a long, dark passage; out of which stepped Saul Meghorn, a shaded lantern in his hand.

And *this* was the man who had sworn to have Nelly Franklen for his wife. Wo to Aaron, her distraught husband, if he and Saul Meghorn should meet on that stormy, crime-concealing night! To be continued.

HUMANITY is that sympathy by which we view the sufferings of others as inflicted on ourselves, and desire, in consequence, to avert the blow. Thus woman, more frequently than the opposite sex, is distinguished by this virtue, being, from her helpless nature, more exposed to mental and corporeal inflictions. Humanity differs from benevolence in its being a feeling which makes the case of the injured or distressed immediately our own, while benevolence may rather be esteemed a desire to give or impart some good or benefit we find ourselves possessed of to the needy and destitute: the former seeks to prevent evil, the latter to promote good.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PERPETUAL MOTION."—No such thing ever was or will be invented by man. There are several philosophical reasons against it, which you probably would not understand; and even if a self-moving machine could be constructed, it would wear out in time. The nearest approach to perpetual motion which we have heard of in this country, was made thirty or forty years ago, by a man named Redheffer, if we recollect aright. His apparatus had rather an ingenious look, and seemed to work pretty well; but suspicion arose, and the spectators bursting into the next room, found a sturdy assistant busily turning a crank. Congress has never done quite so foolish a thing as to make the offer of a million of dollars for the discovery of perpetual motion. The constitution would not allow an appropriation for such a purpose. The discovery of perpetual motion is not among the powers granted to the general government. The members of Congress have sometimes come pretty near perpetual motion in their everlasting Buncombe speeches; but the fourth of March stops them.

L. M. W. (we forbear to give her name at length, though she subscribes it to her letter), makes out a strong case in favor of a speedy marriage. She is twenty-four years old, her lover thirty-one. She has patiently waited "nine weary years," and he is now obliged to remove permanently to a distant State. Her parents withhold their consent on the ground that "she has plenty of time to see trouble yet." This, however, she would have if she waited nine years longer. If the lover is a virtuous character, and worthy of Louise's affections (which we take for granted, or she would not have waited for him for nine years), we think further delay unreasonable. Fifteen years of age was rather early to get engaged; still her constancy shows that she did not act on a mere transient impression. We have formed a favorable opinion both of Louise and her lover, and wish them much happiness.

LAFAYETTE.—The invention of the Mariner's Compass has till lately been generally ascribed to Flavio Gioja, who lived near Amalfi in the Kingdom of Naples, and who flourished from 1300 to 1320. It is, however, certain that it was known in Europe at an earlier period. It was probably improved by Flavio. A French minstrel, Guyot de Provins, describes it minutely in a satire written in 1190, but it is likely that he knew it only as it existed in the East. It was probably not much used in Europe before 1250. It is supposed to have been known to the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos long before its introduction into Europe. Mention is made of the directive power of the magnet in Chinese books, which purport to have been written before our Saviour. The needle in the oriental compass, before the method of suspending it on a pivot was learned from the European nations, was made to float in a basin of water.

LINNÆUS, writing from Brattleborough, inquires whether the ancient problem has been solved, which asks if "there can be such a thing as motion," inasmuch as a body cannot move where it is, nor where it is not. This is rather a puzzle than a problem. The scientific answer requires the use of the higher mathematics, but the common sense statement is, that a body can *begin* to move from the place where it is, toward a place where it is not. Linnæus will get a practical demonstration of the possibility of motion, if he will get into a canoe a few rods above Bellows' Fall, in the next freshet. He will be apt to find himself in pretty rapid motion both where he was and where he wasn't, and we will add, where he had rather not be.

D. E. wants to know whether he had better marry a young lady with whom "he is deeply in love, and who deeply loves him," he having a salary of a thousand dollars a year,—or wait till he gets a salary of two thousand dollars. As the parents are about to remove to the West, he has to make up his mind to marry now, or take the risk of "a life-long separation." A good deal should depend upon the age of the parties. If, after fully weighing the *pros* and *cons*, the parents consent and the lady is willing, we should go in for marrying now. It might, however, not be amiss to wait a couple of years. Save half your salary, and so have a little capital of a thousand dollars to begin with.

EFFIE SINCLAIR wants "a pretty, short, expressive motto in French or Latin," (with the English translation,) to be engraved within a ring, and given by a lady to a gentleman to whom she is engaged. We advise Miss Effie to be satisfied with plain English. There is no language more expressive, few as much so. If she can't find words in her mother tongue that will make the "gentleman" the happiest man in the world, depend upon it he is a pedantic coxcomb.

J. E. H.—Washington's mother's name, when she was a girl, was Mary Ball. She was born in the latter part of the year 1706. She was married to Washington's father (then a widower) on the 6th of March, 1730. Her husband died on the 12th of April, 1743, at the age of 49 years. George Washington was then in his twelfth year. Mrs. Washington (the mother of George) was a woman of great good sense, of delicate conscientiousness, of unyielding firmness, and of inflexible pertinacity in whatever she believed to be the right course. Her husband had such faith in her, he directed that the proceeds of all the property of her children should be at her disposal till they should respectively come of age. The maiden name of Washington's wife was Martha Dandridge. She was born in May, 1732, and was only about three months younger than her illustrious husband.

PROMETHEUS, College of New Jersey.—This young gentleman says that his college mates are divided in opinion as to the parentage of Vulcan, some maintaining that he was the son of Juno and Jupiter, and others that he was the son of Juno alone, and wishes us "to decide the point and set the matter at rest." We can only state that Homer represents Vulcan as being the son of Jupiter and Juno; while Hesiod states that he was the son of Juno alone, who was unwilling to be undone by Jupiter when he had given birth to Minerva. Olympian morals and genealogies were both exceedingly loose and uncertain, and no one can at this day settle a disputed point concerning either. It was a wise god who knew his own father even in the most palmy mythologic ages.

CHARLEY D. sends us a very good problem for young arithmeticians to puzzle their brains over. It is this: There are three farmers who have eggs to sell, the first having 50, the second 15, and the third 10. They are to sell for the same prices, and are to be limited to *two* prices; and when they have disposed of all their eggs, they are each to have an equal sum of money. What are the prices, and how many eggs at each price does each farmer sell? We have worked this problem out, and found it to be a fair one, without any "catch" in it, and therefore commend it to our young readers. No answers need be sent.

AGENT.—Any marriage ceremony, in this country, whereby and wherein the parties promise to take each other for husband and wife, and the officiating clergyman, magistrate, or other legally qualified person, pronounces them to be husband and wife, is of binding force and effect. No particular form of words is necessary. Should the person performing the ceremony omit the usual adjuration, "if any person now present knows any reason why this couple should not be joined in wedlock, let him now make it known, or forever after hold his peace," it would not invalidate the marriage.

SYRACUSE.—If your sister's husband is habitually guilty of the crime for which a divorce is granted in this State, she would, of course, be justified in taking any legal steps for getting set free from such a monster. Should she prefer to go to some other State before commencing a suit for that purpose, and there allege a less offence against him, and one which would *there* be a sufficient cause for divorce, she can of course do so, but he might defeat her on such an issue. She must be sure of her testimony before she begins.

AMICUS.—The man who slandered the young lady in question, and who now "persists in calling upon her and pretends to be her friend, she not knowing anything about his base falsehoods concerning her," ought either to retract his slanders and make ample reparation therefor, or else take the consequences of a merited exposure of his meanness and duplicity. Do not hesitate at "putting him to his purgation" in a summary manner.

W. M. G.—In order to "fit yourself for a first-class engineer, and to understand machinery in all its branches," you should get a situation as apprentice in some first-class machine shop, and spend your evenings in studying mathematics and reading scientific and practical works on your business. After serving out your time, you could take a course in engineering with great profit, and might soon become a master in your profession.

B. L. O.—Ventriloquism can doubtless be taught, in some degree, to anybody, just as any other art can; but only those who have great natural gifts for it, can ever excel, or even make much progress in it. Any blockhead can be taught the art of war; but there has been but one Cæsar, and but one Napoleon in the world.

ELLA.—"Suite" is a French word, and is pronounced *sweet*. English and American writers are beginning to use the English word "suit" in its place, and we think they show good sense and good taste in doing so.

FANNIE, (Boston.)—You write well, and your letter has made a very favorable impression; but we have more matter than we can possibly publish.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*